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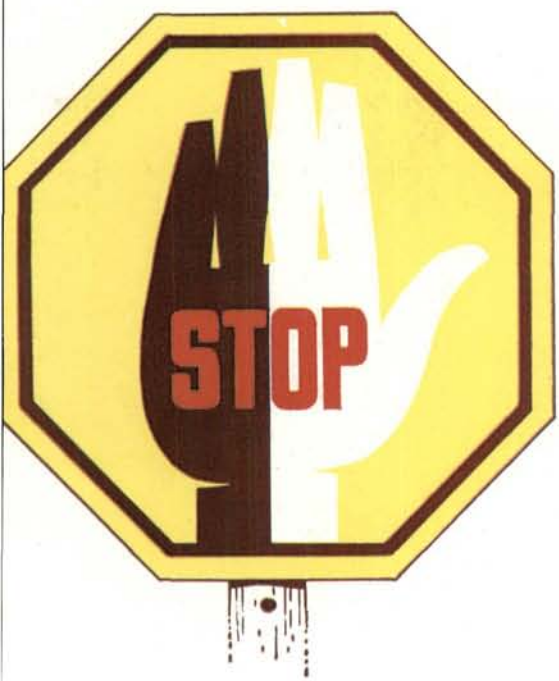
AUGUST 27, 1963

NATIONAL REVIEW

A Journal of Fact and Opinion



WAS RACE VIOLENCE NECESSARY IN CAMBRIDGE?

L. Brent Bozell

The Presidential Mind: Does Barry Goldwater Qualify?

RUSSELL KIRK

Also In This Issue:

BURNHAM ON THE TREATY OF MOSCOW ◆ FUTCH ON THE ITALIAN DILEMMA ◆ VAN DEN HAAG ON HANNAH ARENDT & EICHMANN ◆ AND BUCKLEY ON FORD, WARD & GRAHAM

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In This Issue . . .

➔ **Russell Kirk** brings out into the open the underground discussion centering on the mind of Senator Barry Goldwater, *i.e.,* is it sufficiently well-stocked, well-trained, and well-operating to equip a President of the United States? Mr. Kirk, whose exacting views on education the readers of NATIONAL REVIEW are especially conversant with, has known Senator Goldwater for a good while, and has observed the operation of his mind, and enters a reassuring, and highly discerning, vote. No doubt Senator Goldwater, and some of his friends, will rather resent his being pawed in just this way. Yet it is the kind of intellectual examination to which all Presidential candidates should, in fact, be subjected—though few are (where were the eggheaderie when Truman was lavishing his intelligence upon this country?). . . . The press has been full of stories about the differences between Salisbury, Maryland, and Cambridge, Maryland, the one the symbol of light and progress, the other of dark reaction. Somehow it didn't figure, and we asked Maryland resident **Brent Bozell** to look into the situation, which he has done, reporting back with his customary lucidity. . . . And **J. D. Futch,** professor of European History at Washington and Lee, explains that the current crisis in Italy is nothing more than the reappearance of the same crisis that sundered the country after the First World War, and was smothered under Mussolini's blanket for a generation.

➔ **James Burnham** pursues his trenchant analysis of the Treaty of Moscow, making it clear why it cannot be supported by experienced anti-Communists—*on its own merits.* . . . Mr. **Buckley,** without *too* much strain, finds a single theme running through the recent collapses of three important men. . . . Mr. Burnham and Mr. Buckley, by the way, will meet Messrs. Dos Passos, Kirk, Molnar and Kuehnelt-Leddihn in Rome in late September, to take part in the Centro Vitale's second annual meeting to promote conservative thought and activity.

➔ The formidable **Ernest van den Haag,** professor of everything, every place, reviews the controversial book of Hannah Arendt on the Eichmann trial, and traces, as clearly as anyone has ever done, the distinctions the entire world of jurisprudence is agonizing over. . . . **George Morgenstern,** author and editorial writer for the *Chicago Tribune,* gazes admiringly, though he was distinctly on the other side of the fence, at the exposé *(Room 3303)* of the British Secret Service's manipulation of our foreign policy in the months before Pearl Harbor. . . . And **Ralph de Toledano,** whose book on the Goldwater movement will be out before Christmas, writes sensitively and evocatively about the bawdy prose of Mark Twain, and the exciting voice of Paul Arnold. . . . Our new cartoonist, **Vic Miller,** of the daffy mind and pen, clearly a student of the master Kreuttner, is a very recent graduate of Yale and will teach at the Hill School this fall. . . . And watch, next week, for an original piece of poetry from **Ezra Pound,** a fragment from the *Cantos.* ➔

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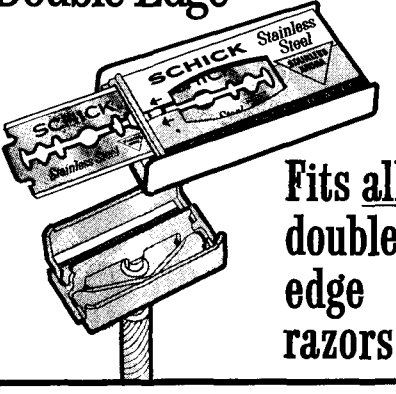

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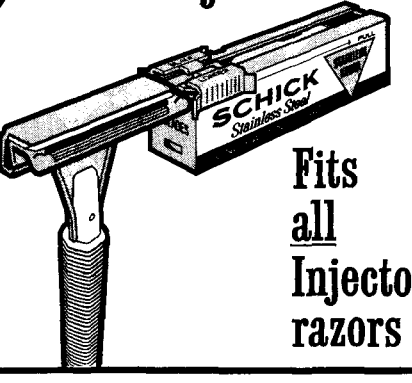

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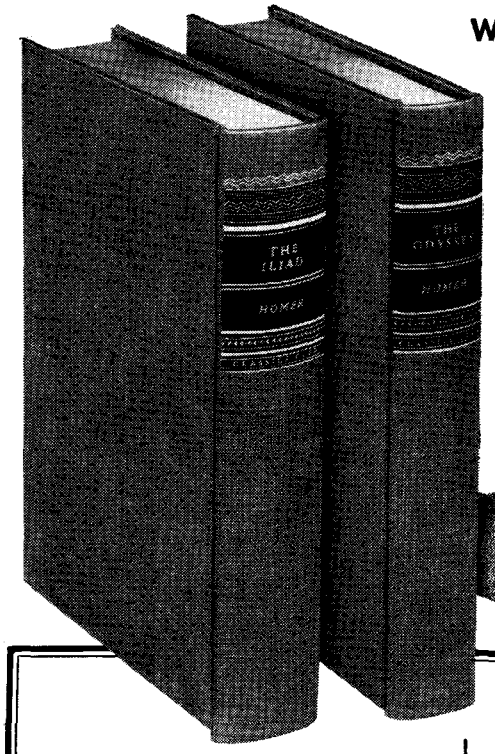

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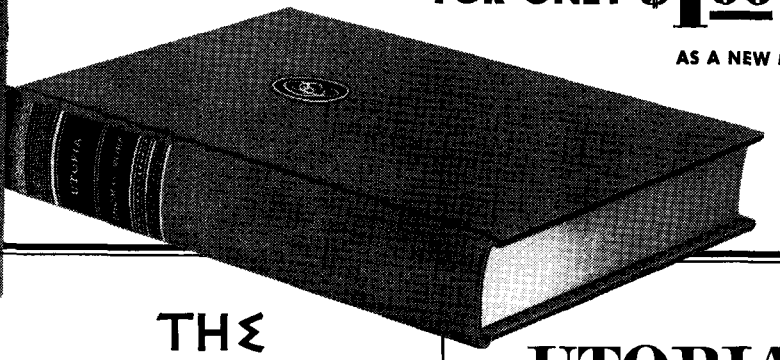

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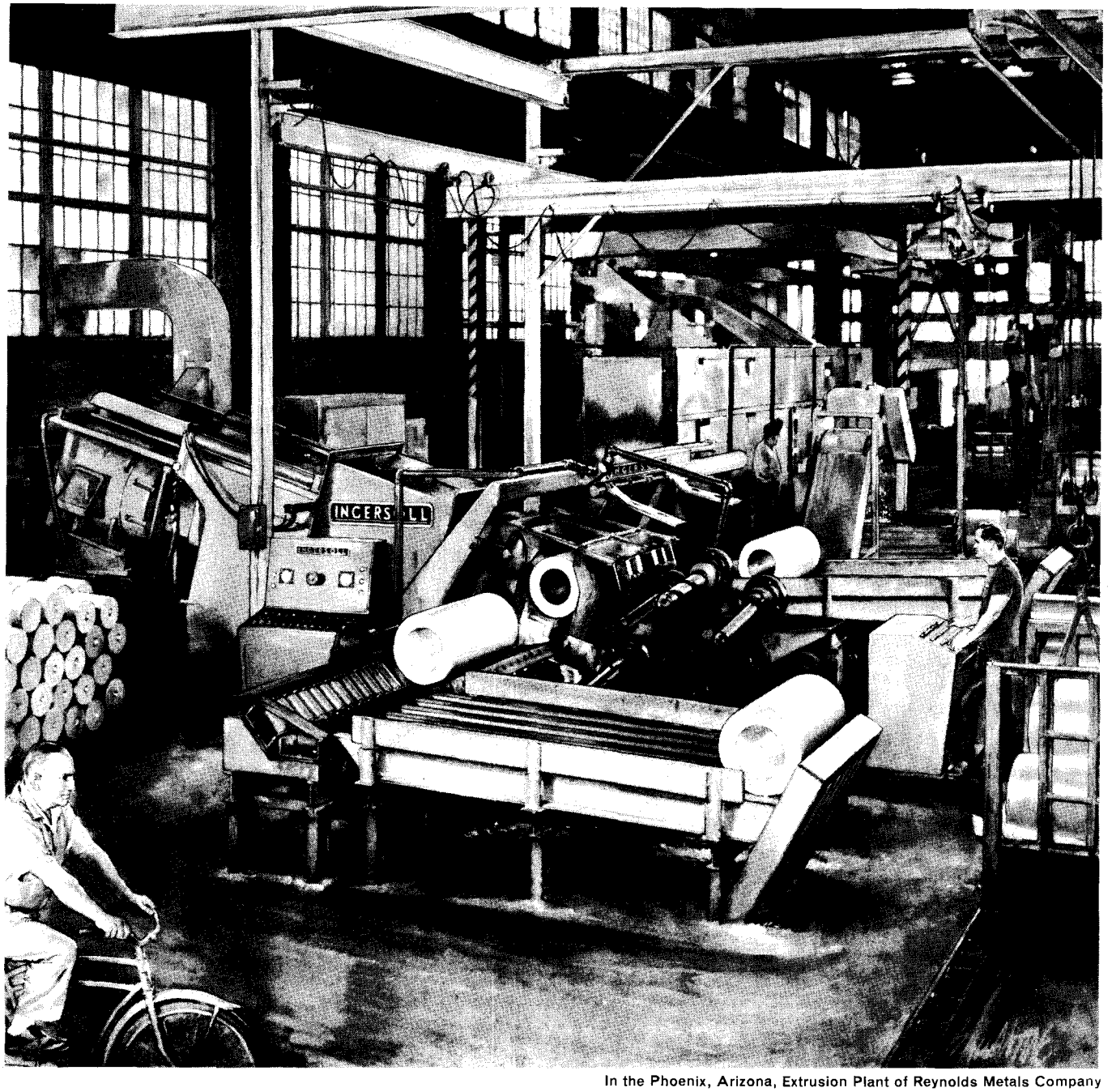

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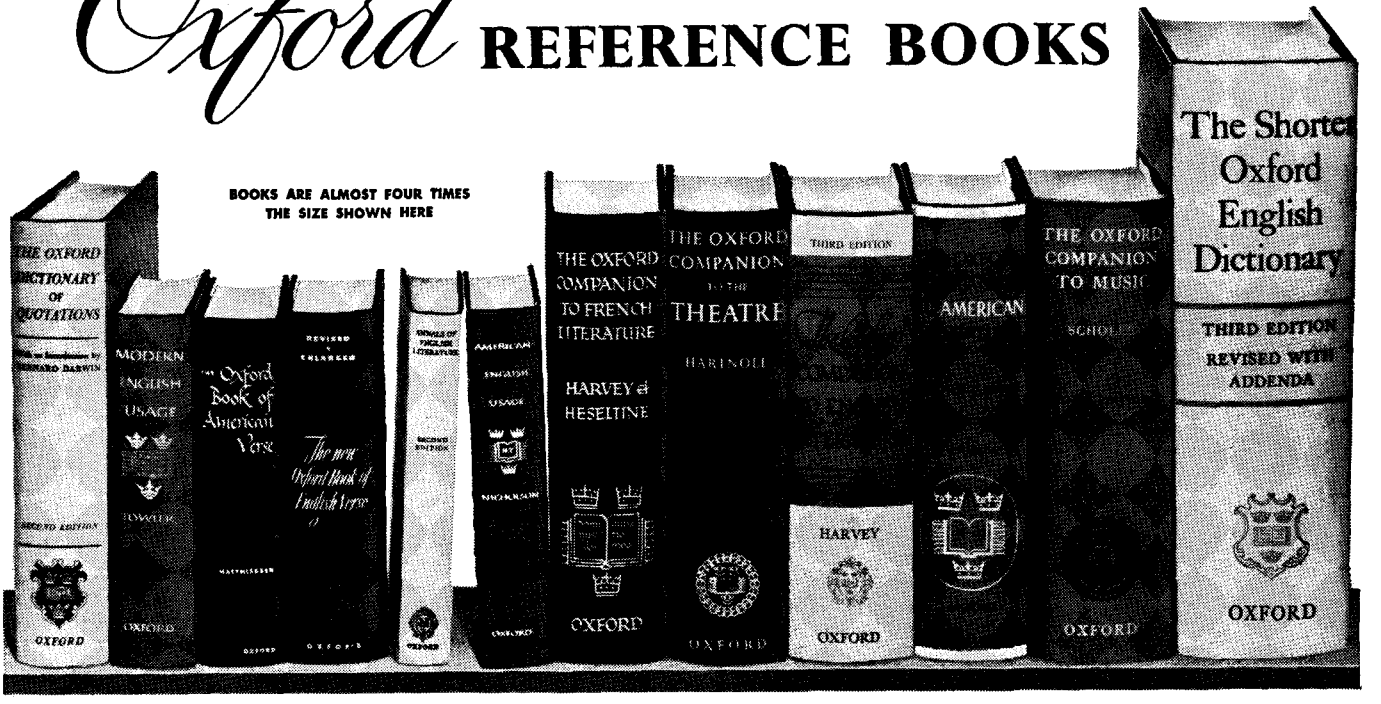
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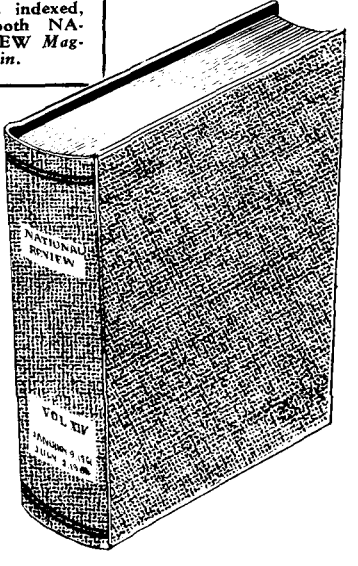

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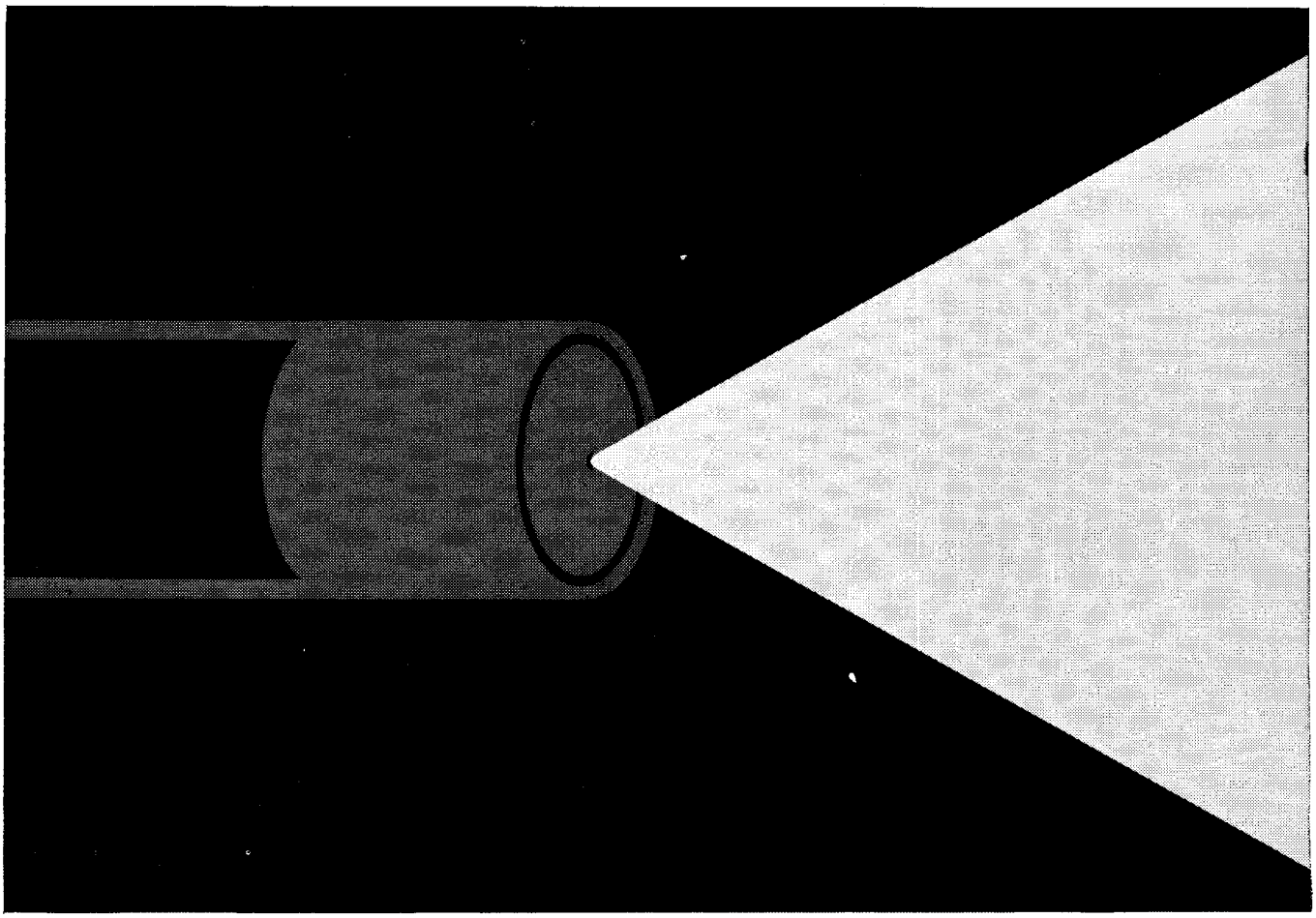

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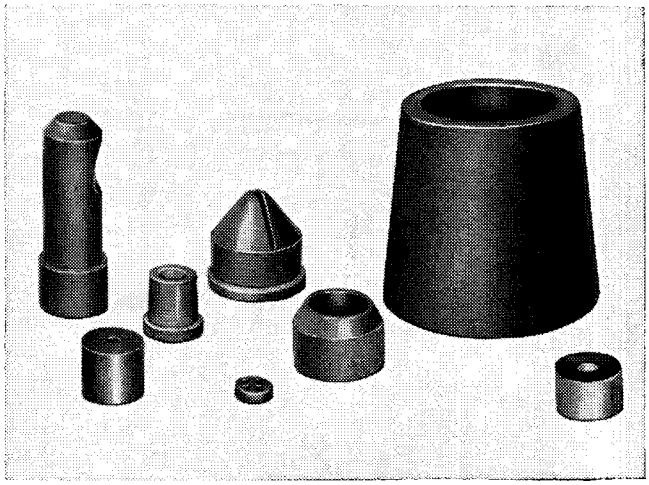

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Where resistance to abrasion is an important factor, Kennametal* hard carbides are the answer to a wide range of applications as these compositions withstand abrasion and wear many times longer than steel.

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The WEEK

● Mr. Stanley Mosk, Attorney General of California, a couple of years ago called the John Birch Society a collection of "little old ladies in tennis shoes." Two weeks ago Mr. Mosk informed a convention of California Democrats that the GOP was in danger of being taken over by the John Birch Society. Some who heard him are wondering whether he got hit in the head by a tennis shoe, or whether he's just scared of little old ladies.

● The railway labor dispute chugs on, under another deferral of the strike deadline, this time to late August, and the Powers That Be maintain their exquisite disregard of the only reasonable proposal yet brought forward to solve such problems. It is found in S.1925, submitted to the Senate on July 22, a bill that would apply to the transportation industry the prohibitions against featherbedding and make-work which already exist in the Taft-Hartley Act and in the Lea Act, which last was passed by a Democratic Congress, signed into law by Harry Truman in 1946, and upheld by the Supreme Court. The proposal, as applied to other industries, has been upheld in the courts and vindicated by experience, but it faces a far rougher test than those: for it challenges the Administration to recognize the bill's sponsor, Senator Goldwater. As Rocky would say, only an extremist would attempt to justify something by mentioning that the Supreme Court had upheld the principle of it.

● The Business-Industry Political Action Committee was launched two weeks ago in response to the perennial question, Why don't businessmen do something about the anti-business trend of Liberal Administrations, Democratic and Republican? With BIPAC, businessmen can break the bad habit of giving money to both major parties in the hopes of always having a friend in Washington. Now they can act for the long-term health of free enterprise by supporting conservative candidates, Democratic or Republican, local or national, especially in close races—doing for the cause of freedom exactly what the AFL-CIO COPE has done so long for the cause of collectivism. With a fine list of initial sponsors, and an idea unmatched for inherent appropriateness, BIPAC should attract national interest and support, ranging from individual businessmen (and why not individual stockholders?) to such organizations as the National Association of Manufacturers and the Chamber of Commerce. Welcome, and more power to the gentlemen at BIPAC HQ (14 West 49th Street, NYC).

● The widespread public opposition to the Supreme Court's prayer ban has been dissipated by the multiplicity of conflicting resolutions introduced in Congress for a constitutional amendment to correct the situation—no less than 42 at last count. Rep. Frank Becker (R., N.Y.) has arranged meetings of the various sponsors, seeking to draft a text that can be agreed to by all those in favor of school prayer. His main hurdle will be vanity: each congressman wants *his* resolution to be the one to become the 24th Amendment.

● Complete: A report by a team of experts from the World Health Organization, completely absolving Portugal of vague Afro-Asian attacks on health conditions in Portugal's African territories. The concluding sentence of the report reads as follows: "The provinces of overseas Portugal, up to now all too unknown, surprise the visitors in the extent of their economic and social development." Still unissued by WHO: said report, whose objectivity and friendliness to Portugal are totally incompatible with the present framework of World Opinion, as defined by the Honorable Delegates of Africa, Asia, Eastern Europe, Russia, and the United States.

● Ako Adjei, former Foreign Secretary of Ghana, has just about lost his confidence in the spirit Zebus. Summoned before a judge to explain what he had done with £25,000 missing from the Ghana Exchequer, Adjei explained that he had made a deal with the spirit Zebus who had promised that if Adjei placed £25,000 in a packing case, inside a circle on Accra Plains, it would be doubled. Adjei did so. The spirit Zebus appeared to him "dressed in flames of fire" and instructed him to return a week later when his wish would be fulfilled. "I visited the field several times," Adjei explained to the court, "but there was no appearance and it was then I began to feel that there was something wrong and I was wondering why." "Guilty," said the judge.

● A British firm sells 47 radar predictors to the Pentagon for $2,145,739.60. They are declared surplus. The British firm kindly takes them off our hands (still uncrated)—for $114,500. British firm turns around and sells them to Portugal for $493,500. Portugal gets the money to pay for them from the United States. Scoreboard: Portugal has 47 radar predictors; British firm is $2,524,739.60 richer; U.S. is $2,524,739.60 poorer, plus shipping charges which the U.S. paid. Rep. Richard Poff (R., Va.), who uncovered the story, has been unable to find out exactly what the shipping charges were. Maybe if we

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bought ourselves a radar predictor we could find out.

● The Communist government of Poland, overwhelmed by the spirit of *Pacem in Terris,* last week: 1) ordered two seminaries in Cracow to turn over part of their dormitory space to the Polish Government; 2) barred all religious pilgrimages from Warsaw to Czestchowa for the annual observance of Assumption Day, traditionally one of the most joyful religious holidays of the Poles; 3) closed down a Warsaw nursery operated by the Sisters of the Resurrection. The good Sisters were hauled away, along with their belongings, in government trucks.

● *. . . and so it came about, after the Wise Men had spoken, that on the seventh day of the eighth month the High Commissioner ordered that in the state he ruled (the State of Empire), from that day forward a verse would be barred and that verse was the fourth verse of an ancient song beloved in the land, but which proclaimed, unlawfully,*

"Our fathers' God to Thee,
Author of Liberty,
To Thee we sing.
Long may our land be bright
With Freedom's holy light.
Protect us by Thy might
Great God, our King!"

● UNDETERRED. Several days after having lost to Khrushchev at badminton, Dean Rusk assured the Senate that "we shall remain ready to meet further challenges."

The Debate on the Moscow Treaty

As we go to press, the hearings on the Moscow Treaty have entered into their third day, and there is no doubting the technical competence of the witnesses the Administration is presenting to the Senate Committee. Calmly, confidently, urbanely, they are making the case for 1) voluntarily denying to ourselves avenues of exploration and research into the definition of new weapons, and 2) doing this in return for a Soviet pledge, yes pledge, to do the same.

Senator Goldwater gave a speech a few days before the Senate Committee convened in order to say something at whose intrinsic merit we can only smile, but whose political meaning we fully comprehend, and, under the special circumstances, applaud. The Senator said that no one had any right to make up his mind about the proposed treaty until all the witnesses had been heard from and questioned. Now that was precisely the proper thing to say under the circumstances, when the experienced anti-Communists, outmaneuvered by the Administration, needed above all the time to make their way through the prevailing euphoria. For those who howl into the eye of the euphoria seldom make progress: that kind of thing is for tablet-keepers, not politicians; for NATIONAL REVIEW, not Senator Goldwater.

For of course the essential case against the ban has been vividly clear from the very beginning. The coordinates of the great struggle for the world are not displaced by a whim of Khrushchev's, or a trip by Harriman to Moscow. There is nothing whatever that Messrs. Rusk, Harriman, McNamara, Matthew, Luke or John could testify to which impinges in any way, *e.g.,* on the analysis of the meaning of the Pact made by Messrs. Burnham and Meyer in the last issue of NATIONAL REVIEW. We have said it before and say it again, if there is a genuine desire by the Soviet Union to ease tensions, let her begin by digging out from the archives a copy of the Potsdam Pact, and starting to honor the terms of that agreement. Even if witnesses could absolutely prove, which they cannot, that under no conceivable circumstances could the United States increase her relative arms superiority by occasional testing in the atmosphere—there is still no justification for a test ban which relies on, and becomes a symbol of, a new spirit of faith in the Soviet Union which, for reasons that defy understanding, is decocted in recent months from missiles in Cuba, revolution in Laos, subversion in South Vietnam, treachery in Berlin, and war in the Himalayas.

What Senator Goldwater is pleading for, clearly, is time. Yet it is by no means certain that he or the country will be given the time we need to come to our senses. Governor Rockefeller, who has long since developed the knack of transforming expediency into an act of transcendent principle, announced the day the hearings opened that he considered the treaty unwise and imprudent—but that such was the thirst for it by the peoples of the world, that the Senate now had no alternative but to ratify it. Rockefeller is right about the pressures. We happen to know about an informal meeting, held off-the-record a week ago, by half a dozen senators, right of center, with a former member of the Joint Chiefs of Staff who feels the deepest concern over the prospect of the test ban. But the consensus of the senators was that

IN THE NEXT ISSUE

MINDSCAPES
by Ezra Pound

THE DRAFT-GOLDWATER DRIVE: A PROGRESS REPORT
by William A. Rusher

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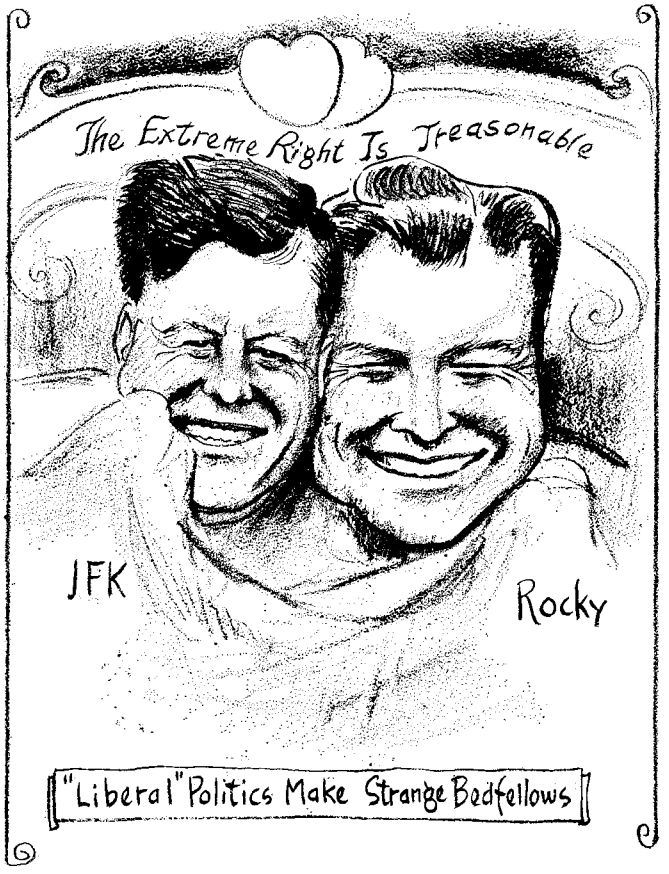
there is now no alternative to ratification, for it has been ratified by a dozen countries around the world, *e.g.*, Burundi, Somalia, and Ghana, and it would be unthinkable, they said, to turn our backs on countries which in the first instance we had pressured into going along with the Treaty of Moscow. On being reminded that in effect this gives the President of the United States exclusive power to write treaties and blackmail the Senate into ratifying them, the senators, apparently, shrugged their shoulders and went off.

Time. Time is what, primarily, we need, if the lineaments of this deal are to become apparent to the public. One must assume that the opposition is there, though latent; that it sleeps in the long experience our good-hearted nation has had with the perfidious enemy; that only time can jog the memory and catalyze the proper sentiment, and that thereafter fortitude will come to the scores of scientists, soldiers and men of public affairs who know we are embarked on a dangerous and wrong course of action, but who at the moment feel isolated, and so plan, resignedly, to go along, what the hell, and maybe see if they can't find some reason to enjoy the saturnalia.

To help stimulate an awareness of the meaning of the Pact, the editors of NATIONAL REVIEW have formed the National Committee to Defeat the Treaty of Moscow. Address: 79 Madison Avenue, New York City.



Beyond the Common Market

The original idea of the European Common Market contained weaknesses that did not pass unobserved, though the majority of observers opted for the mood of hope. Hope that the customs union would not grow inward and solidify, but modulate and expand beyond the beaches of the Continent; hope that the new habit of economic cooperation would induce a spirit of political confluence; hope that this all would lead to a general self-recognition of the West as a civilization that must stand united, if it is to stand at all, against the barbarians of Communism.

The immediate response was not a move towards unity, but towards division. To the Inner Six a counterbalance sprang up in the form of the Outer Seven, clustered on Great Britain as the queen bee. The Common Market tried to meet the challenge of Britain's independent economic universe by inviting Britain, and so eventually all of the Seven, to join the EEC. At the same time the Liberal Establishment in Washington and London lusted to join the EEC in the hope that an Atlantic partnership in which the Anglo-Saxon powers held economic sway would underpin the claims of Washington, especially, to domination in the political and military problems of the Cold War.

But Europe could not become a full partner in any Atlantic Alliance unless it could dispose of a meaningful political and military power in its own right; and so there came a second response, in the form of de Gaulle's veto of British entry into the EEC.

Now we appear to have swung around, and the United States and the EEC are at the brink of a tariff war concerning, of all things, the price of poultry. The Communist bloc puts its rivalries through the alembic of Albania; the West talks chicken feed. In either case, beneath the triviality of the discussion there lies a deeper discord.

To this discord in the West, centered on the EEC, the eminent Prof. Wilhelm Roepke has turned his profound and scholarly attention, and in a recent essay prepared for the Swiss Credit Bank he analyzes the root of the trouble in the EEC and gives his suggestion for a transcendent solution. He finds fault, particularly, with the "perfectionism" of the Common Market leaders, their seeking for mathematical formulae that will resolve the proliferating intricacies of varied customs in various lands. On this level alone the agricultural problem cannot be solved within the Common Market, and without a more flexible policy the Common Market can never rise to the complexities of the special relations Britain has with the Commonwealth.

Professor Roepke mentions, also, the need Europe has for an independent military establishment: "One of the first requirements for increasing Europe's

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political and military power is to have the *force de frappe* which has been so wrongly held up to ridicule. To increase that power, and to make us real partners in the Atlantic Alliance, is a demand which is undoubtedly both urgent and worthwhile—that is, of course, subject to the obvious proviso, emphasized by de Gaulle himself, that the Alliance in question shall thereby be in no way loosened."

Finally, Roepke urges that Europe's leaders forget the idea of "a Jacobinical, Saint-Simonian Europe, which might steamroller out of existence everything that is different in the realm of political, cultural, and social order," and issues a call for reconstituting the Common Market idea along the lines of associative federation:

"More than six years have already elapsed since the Treaty of Rome was signed and yet the moat which runs across the body of Europe grows steadily wider and deeper. . . . But the hard experience gained from the British failure ought at least to confer one benefit by having taught us a lesson. The *imperial* solution to the problem of amalgamating Europe, that is, the method by which the EEC forces the outside countries to join under the pressure of increasing discrimination, has never been satisfactory and must now be definitely dropped. There remains only the *associative* solution, that is, to adopt the course not of subordination but of coordination. It is absolutely necessary that we all must at long last become convinced of this, difficult as that may be for the leaders of the EEC and for their adherents. That of course is the only way to make President de Gaulle's veto bear fruit. It would at the same time correct the worst faults of the EEC, and avert the most serious dangers which the EEC presents to the true spiritual and moral substance of Europe."

Focus on '64

◆ Nelson Rockefeller is "in this thing all the way," the headlines say, and he'll have a crack at the New Hampshire and California primaries. But you'll never find Rocky saying it. His supporters, in this case George Hinman, GOP national committeeman from New York, say it. Which leaves Rocky, after the zippy headlines, perfectly free to say he never said he said it—the way he handled Bill Pfeiffer last fall, saying he had never authorized him to predict victory in N. Y. by 800,000 votes. Some supporters, many near-supporters, and all ex-supporters remember that's what Rocky did in 1959, and what he may do this year, if his informants turn up with opinion surveys like the one reported below.

◆ The widely respected California Poll asked California Republicans late in July to name the man they'd like to see as GOP candidate for President. The answer: Goldwater (43 per cent). The also-rans: Rockefeller (23 per cent), Romney (16 per cent), Scranton (2 per cent), and No Opinion (16 per cent).

◆ Governor Scranton, just in case he's fingered for big things in '64, is going tippy-toe around the hot spots in Homestate, Pa. Folks who write him in support of state transportation for non-public school pupils get a form reply: "I share your belief that non-public school students should be given transportation similar to that provided for public school students. . . ." And to those who oppose the plan he says: "I share your belief that the state should not support non-public schools. In fact, as you know, this is unconstitutional. . . ."

◆ A gusty little editorial in the *Louisville Courier Journal* (Aug. 9: "Where Does Barry Goldwater Draw the Line on Support?") presages the kind of abuse that will rise to hurricane force within a year. It follows the classic form: 1) Presume to define the "radical Right": "Surely he has seen their literature, which links Negroes and Jews and Communists, and in some instances Roman Catholics, with a gigantic plot to destroy the American nation." 2) Cite a partisan as if he were an authority. "Governor Rockefeller brought up the subject by citing a danger that 'the radical Right, which is a part of the Goldwater following, will be able to capture its leader.'" 3) Challenge the victim to clear his record: "Is this the 'radical Right'? If not, what is it, Mr. Goldwater?"

◆ Goldwater's healthy response to this chaff has won him applause. "I'm not going to answer this sort of thing from Rockefeller. He's using an old trick which the Democrats have used against us for a long time, and I'm not going to fall for it."

◆ Senator Richard Russell (D., Ga.) told a national TV audience last week that Barry Goldwater could carry the state of Georgia if the election were held now, and that Goldwater's stock "is selling higher above par" than that of any Republican he'd heard of, ever.

◆ Trial balloonatics are lofting the name of Averell Harriman as Democratic candidate for the Senate from New York. If Harriman runs, he'll have no choice but to pose as the bag-man for the Kennedy-Khrushchev "peace" deal, and hope that the Laos he settled hasn't foundered by November 1964. Which means that if Harriman gets the go-sign from the White House to make the race (and so pick up a Democratic seat in the Senate if he beats Keating), the whole Democratic strategy in 1964 will be the peace pitch. If that appeal is so important, and if Khrushchev can tarnish it any time he wants, some observers are worrying that the Democratic strategy may give Moscow an overwhelming voice in pre-election maneuvers.

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A Special Message

to College Students and Their Parents and Friends

This year, we are making the biggest drive in our history to *get college students to read* National Review. The reason: *this* year, student opinion may well have a crucial effect on the national political scene. As you know, the press gives wide publicity to campus political activities in favor of the various candidates, which means that the coming academic year—between now and the conventions next summer—will have an impact far out of proportion to the number of students involved.

National Review can and *must* influence campus opinion this year!

To make sure that as many students as possible read National Review, we are making subscriptions available to students at the *lowest possible rate:* all 18 issues of the coming academic year for just $3.89. But we need *your* help!

1 *If you are a student: subscribe now at this special rate. You will find National Review will be of great help to you both in and out of the classroom.*

2 *If you are a parent or friend of students, make sure the students you care about read National Review this year—send a gift subscription now.**

Student subscriptions start with big Double Issue featuring a startling opinion survey of America's colleges.

It's exclusive in *NR*—Educational Reviewer's searching survey of collegians' attitudes on religion, sex, politics, economics, pacifism, etc.—82 questions in all. Early returns show some heartening trends, but others will shock you. Over 2,000 students have already replied—from Ivy League colleges, exclusive girls' schools, big state universities, Protestant and Catholic and small private colleges. *NR* will publish overall results in a big (68-page) issue Oct. 8.

During the academic year *NR* will also focus on '64 with special features on the Draft Goldwater Committee, Scranton's dark horse prospects, Romney's war on Michigan conservatives, Kennedy's chances of holding the Catholic vote, Democrat vote frauds, and much more of the same. We're planning in-depth treatment of the Negro Revolution, the "peace" movement, the UN, etc. *NR* readers are in for a bonanza!

* *You may not personally know students who need NATIONAL REVIEW—but we do. NATIONAL REVIEW has a list of students who simply cannot afford to subscribe. Won't you make it possible for one or more of them to receive it this year? If you wish, we will send a handsome gift card in your name. Then we will bill you later at the special $3.89 rate.*

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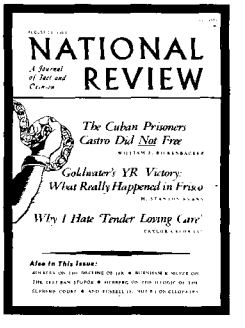
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When the Plaints Go Marching In

It is being suggested that anyone who does not plan to march on Washington on August 28 has an underdeveloped concern for the Negro race.

The idea of the March was Philip Randolph's, the distinguished old Negro who heads up the Sleeping Car Porters union. He conceived it months before the President proposed this particular civil rights bill. The idea caught on and was boisterously promoted by the more radical of the Negro civil rights groups. In due course the more moderate groups took it up. Then one or two Jewish groups. Then the Protestants. Then the President of the United States, obviously seeking to drown the March in respectability, urged everyone to join (commented Malcolm X: "If President Kennedy endorses the March, that's bad news: that means he'll dominate it. Maybe in the future we'll be calling him 'Jack X' "). And last week the Catholic archbishop of New York came out for it too.

It is time to venture a caveat or two. The demonstration in Washington is for ontological reasons unruly. That is to say, the demonstration has no definite purpose. It was dreamed up before the civil rights bill; and although it is widely thought that its sole purpose is to build pressure for passage of that bill, in fact the March would take place even if the bill were passed tomorrow.

But even assuming the protest were tied exclusively to the bill, it needs to be stressed that there are two positions with regard to that bill. Whether or not the reasoning is correct of those who, like Senator Dirksen, for instance, have expressed their misgivings about it, surely that reasoning should be penetrated. One ought to meditate upon the arguments against the passage of a measure of dubious constitutional genealogy and sociological effect as the best means of improving the vexed racial situation. And nothing is clearer than that the way to induce a philosophical discussion on the bill is not to encourage a stampede of several hundred thousand people into Washington who lust after a piece of legislation, and damn the arguments against it.

There are those thousands, and even millions, who feel very strongly about any number of issues, who nevertheless do not go about counseling mobocratic pressures to ensure the ratification of their desires. There are those, for instance, who believe that a very basic concern for human rights, and for strategic sanity, requires the liberation of Cuba: and yet we do not hear a call for a march on Washington to restore the Monroe Doctrine. There are those who believe that the workingman's right to be free from coercive unionism is a very essential right—who nevertheless do not say that a march on Washington is the appropriate way to communicate one's desires to the Congress.

There are to be sure times when the emotional impulses of an outraged people should indeed crystallize in massive demonstrations. But such situations are very rare indeed. And precisely the question to ask now is whether the current controversy is one that clearly calls for direct mobilization of the demos: for that, clearly, is what the March on Washington proposes.

Surely one thing is clear enough at this point in American history, namely, that the Negro problem cannot be solved by even the most artful piece of legislation. Solomon himself could not come up with a law of the land which would drain the resentments of James Baldwin when he is refused a drink at the airport in Chicago, or insulted by a policeman in Times Square. The kind of "progress" projected under the proposed civil rights law is the kind of progress which is based on the assumption that people can be brought under coercive pressure to do things they are disinclined to do. The bitterness that now exists in Cambridge, Maryland as the result of an apocalyptic confrontation between white and black augurs a bitter future for that community. There actually are true and wise friends of the Negro race who believe that a federal law, artificially deduced from the Commerce Clause of the Constitution or from the 14th Amendment, whose marginal effect will be to instruct small merchants in the Deep South on how they may conduct their business, is no way at all of promoting the kind of understanding which is the basis of progressive and charitable relationships between the races.

The reflective conscience of the reflective congressman is not stimulated by the shock-drug the Marchers have prescribed. If he is stampeded into voting for a measure whose essential wisdom he doubts, then two causes are being damaged. The first is the cause all of us should want to further, namely, the cause of interracial progress. But the second cause is that of our free institutions. The processes of freedom call for chambers of meditation within which, it is supposed, a free society has the best chance of working out its destiny.

Mass demonstrations, in a free society, should be reserved for situations about which there is simply no doubting the correct moral course. If it is true that the Congress cannot be trusted to write a law which is manifestly just and imperatively moral, then and only then is the pressure of the mob in order. But mob-deployment in circumstances that call for thought and discussion and meditation is a dangerous resort. What society, at any time in history, was free, and just, and civilized, and ruled by the mob?

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Without Due Process

The National Labor Relations Board has begun civil contempt proceedings in the U.S. Court of Appeals against the Kohler Company, continuing its three-year campaign of harassment against the company that defied the UAW's $10 million boycott. On August 26, 1960 the Board ruled that Kohler had to reinstate workers who wished to return to work at Kohler. The Company complied with the ruling, but put all employees on a short work week because of declining sales and a heavy inventory position. (The decision to cut production had been made before the Board's ruling.)

Shortly after John Kennedy had packed the Board with labor union sycophants, the Board informed Kohler that it had failed to comply with the order because it was not hiring employees for a 40-hour week. Just before news of the Board's edict reached Kohler, the company resumed 40-hour schedules, reflecting the improvement in economic conditions.

The questions before the court include the following: 1) does an employee who has no guarantee of a 40-hour week acquire that right by going on strike, regardless of economic conditions? 2) does the NLRB have the right to prescribe work schedules for employers? and 3) does the NLRB have the power to decree that an employee who voluntarily terminated his employment during a strike to become the permanent employee of another company can claim back wages (at a 40-hour week rate) for the period he was earning wages elsewhere? That an administrative body could even presume to make such rulings may seem fantastic enough: but the oligarchs of the bureaucracy will not be stopped by their own conscience or sense of self-restraint.

Foretaste

Robert G. Bartlett ran on the Republican ticket and Fred Rooney on the Democratic in a special election last month to fill the seat of the late Francis Walter (D., 15th Congressional District, Pa.). Bartlett lost by a slim 6,000 votes, and no one will ever know how much damage was done him by an advertisement that appeared at the climax of the campaign.

THIS IS NOT A SMEAR! said the headline of the ad. It went on to report each of the following "FACTS." 1) *Human Events* endorsed Bartlett (true). 2) *Human Events* "is the mouth organ of the Americans for Constitutional Action" (not true) "whose avowed purpose is to repeal every social reform this nation has made in the past century" (not true). 3) "Felix Morley, founder of *Human Events* and its ex-editor, was at the same time secretary of ACA" (not true). 4) "General Bonner Fellers, chairman of ACA" (not true), "and Charles Edison, treasurer of ACA, are members of the board of the John Birch Society" (not true). 5) At a recent Human Events Conference "the John Birch Society library was kept open outside the doors of the conference throughout the time it was in session" (not true). 6) In its endorsement of Bartlett, *Human Events* "urged its 500,000 subscribers" (not true) "to send quantities of money" (not true). 7) "Governor Nelson Rockefeller, former Vice President Nixon and every other responsible leader of the Republican Party [have] called *Human Events* and ACA" elements which are "burrowing from within to destroy the Republican Party and the two-party system" (not true). 8) "*Human Events*, and the ACA have made a living out of calling every single American who disagrees with them a Communist" (not true).

The ad concluded by urging the voters to vote for Rooney. It was signed by The Four-County Business & Professional Men's Committee for Rooney for Congress, Arnold Falk chairman, and Dr. Seymour Rosenstein treasurer.

This poisonous mixture of outright lies, false implications, and guilt by association is a foretaste of the kind of criminal assault that will be launched against conservatives in the coming year. It will not be stopped by Committees for Clean Politics, the Anti-Defamation League, or the fabricators of Ethical Conduct Codes. It would be stopped if the voters of Pennsylvania decided to make an example of Messrs. Falk and Rosenstein, two gentlemen whose apparent

The Harriman Plan for Laos

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knavery, once known, would debar them forever from public acceptance. Well, Governor Scranton?

Estes Kefauver, RIP

We greatly regret we cannot honorably contribute to the myth of Estes Kefauver. We wish the Senator happiness in the next world, and we sympathize with his bereaved family, but decline to suggest that his departure from the national scene is the cause for national bereavement. Indeed, if the Senator had merely announced his decision to retire from the Senate, our joy would have been unconfined: because the Senator's demagogy was as shameless as any our nation has known in recent years from men who were trained to know better, and must indeed have known better. He did not lose an opportunity to contribute to the notion that all men who were engaged in big enterprises were, at bottom, scheming against the little man, with whom he succeeded, notwithstanding his wealth, his position, his incredible hedonistic habits, in identifying himself. Some say he was actually a sophisticate: all the more inexcusable his lifelong transvestism as the hick, at home only with the debasing formulations of class warfare. He built a career on patronizing the little man while rattling the hob-goblins with which he frightened them; and such men can only be said to have contempt for humankind. Even so, a tall figure has passed from the scene, and the nation is a little lonely.

Charles Seymour, RIP

Charles Seymour was overshadowed by his flashier successor to the presidency of Yale, who himself died only a few months ago, having made more friends, raised more salaries, given more speeches, and told more jokes than Charles Seymour: who nevertheless was the epitome of everything a college president should be, save only that he suffered from everyone's disease, namely, the ignorance of what a college education should finally try to accomplish. But Mr. Seymour was a scholar and a gentleman, and a true Yankee in his capacity to take on adversity, of whatever kind, and cope with it, without ruffling his moustache. In the academy, Charles Seymour will be remembered as the primary observer and chronicler of Colonel Edward House, the mysterious *éminence grise* behind Woodrow Wilson, for as long as his influence lasted; in the history of Yale he will be known for his firm and equable helmsmanship of a great university through a period of crisis; and among his friends and former students, as a wise and warm and witty man. W. F. B.

For the Record

Government employees, businessmen, in Washington complaining at pressures from Administration to get out on streets for August 28 March and to open their homes to marchers overnight. . . . Sen. Javits has announced he'll close his office so his staff can join demonstration; he himself plans to attend at Lincoln Memorial. . . . Dispute on whether to approve March among AFL-CIO bigwigs increased bitterness between George Meany (who prevailed: organized labor will not officially endorse the March) and Walter Reuther (who wanted all-out support).

South Korea papers pointing out that last major Soviet peace offensive was in spring 1950, when millions signed "Stockholm Peace Pledge." On June 25, 1950 North Korea invaded. . . . National YAF headquarters (514 C. St. N.E., Washington, D.C.) organizing petition campaign against ratification of test-ban pact. Object: to try to convince senators that people in their own states oppose Moscow Treaty. . . . Other anti-treaty activities finally getting organized.

Latest Gallup shows Goldwater has highest rating ever with Independent voters. For contrast: Goldwater's rating with Independents in July was 37 per cent; highest Robert Taft ever registered was 17 per cent in 1952. . . . So interested is the press in Sen. Goldwater's activities that ace N.Y. Times political reporter Cabell Phillips is staging veritable sit-in at BG's office, visitors report.

Danish arbitration board says Copenhagen longshoremen, who refused to unload South African freighter last month, violated contract and has ordered individual dockers to pay fine. . . . Cooperation among various intelligence units in NATO has deteriorated since recent espionage revelations in Sweden, Germany, U.S. and Britain; none of the services anxious to confide their activities to penetration-prone allies. . . . British armed forces, submitting to McNamara prodding, will amalgamate. (Comments Punch: "Efficiency is certain to be increased. It will take only one-third as many spies to sell our secrets to the Russians.")

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ON THE RIGHT

Ford, Ward, and Graham

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

A single radio broadcast brings the news of two suicides and a divorce, and reminds us that when all is said and done, it is the individual around whom the world spins. That all our talk of empires rising and falling, of worlds torn in two, of glacial currents and galactic swoops, can seem trivial when contrasted with the fall of a titan. The radio broadcaster relegated to the end the humdrum news of atom bomb pacts, civil rights convulsions, the earthquakes of Yugoslavia, the usual tremors in the chancelleries. His mind and the listeners' were on the divorce of Henry Ford, the suicide of Stephen Ward, and the disintegration and death of Philip Graham.

Buckley

All three were men of affairs in every sense of the word. All three men of rank. All three titans in their own worlds. Ford the scion of a great fortune, perhaps the single most conspicuous figure in modern American industry. His forthcoming divorce, particularly under the circumstances of his voluntary and explicit commitment to a religion which holds that the marriage bond is unbreakable, involves a submission to an emotional impulse which proved overwhelming notwithstanding that the eyes of the world, which sustain many famous men in time of personal tribulation, were on him. For as the head of his fabulous empire Ford was, like Rockefeller, not merely a scion of wealth and power, but a scion of manners, and manners in the deepest sense reflect the stability of civilization.

Stephen Ward, a successful physician, a talented artist, a gay and vivacious courtier, was dragged down to humiliation and despair and death by the whiplash of convention; and conventions, let it be said in their favor, are in the profoundest sense the underpinnings of civilization.

And poor Philip Graham, the most influential publisher in the most influential city in the world, lusting after the good of mankind according to a defective vision which conceived of macrocosmic happiness following upon the rise of Big and Benevolent Government, couldn't, at the end, find his own happiness within his own circumstances, suffered a nervous breakdown, and departed from the world he had so fastidiously mothered by living and breathing the welfare state and the international big-think. For himself, his own resources were overpowered; and it is on one's own resources, and God's, that each individual must finally depend, or else he and his civilization will disintegrate.

In two cases there was a woman. In the third, there was Woman. Over and over again there is the re-enactment of the Genesis; and the re-enactment of the causes of the downfall of so many of the illustrious gods of Greek and Roman mythology, for whom woman is merely the symbol, not so much of man's weakness against the cunning and wiles of the seductress, but of man profoundly and primarily in love with himself. André Malraux wrote a great novel about a man of affairs, brilliant, worldly, apparently omnipotent, who sought women because through them he found the ultimate means of making love to himself: when he embraced women he was actually embracing himself. The Protestant theologian Dean Fitch reminds us in his stunning book, *The Odyssey of the Self-Centered Self*, that our civilization has moved through several stages, and that we have recently entered upon the most acutely degenerate of them: the love of ourselves. For a period we loved God; then we loved rationalism; then we loved humanity; then science; then we loved ourselves, and in that concupiscent love all else has ceased to exist. We are become what the philosophers called solipsists—men who recognize reality only in themselves. And when this happens, our own private little worlds, sustained only by our self-love, are easily shattered, and as they shatter we advance the destruction of our entire civilization, and race towards the Apocalypse ever so much faster than thermonuclear bombs will take us there.

The great Greek dramatists knew that at the center of weakness of the world is the weakness of the individual. How much have we forgotten in the twenty-five hundred years from Aeschylus to Arthur Miller! The great heresies of recent times revolved about the repudiation of a plain truth. Marx instructed us that the fault lies not in ourselves but in history, that we are underlings, buffeted about by great elemental social forces over which we have practically no control. Freud taught us that we should not blame ourselves for our failings, but other factors over most of which we had no control, which traumatized and weakened us and made us impotent as commanders of our own fate.

The development of the philosophy of total welfarism is the political translation of the abandonment of the central idea of Christian civilization: that we are each one of us, however crippled by burdens material and psychological, capable by the grace of God of working out satisfactory lives. There was no misery or neglect in the development of the lives of Ford, Ward, and Graham; but they turned out to be the most miserable of men, men most seriously wanting in the stuff of spiritual survival; and because of their considerable names, they delivered considerable blows to the tattered wall of truth that stands between our civilization and total relapse.

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From Washington Straight

CATO

The Senate is drifting into a half-hearted ratification of the test-ban treaty.

Although most senators, regardless of party, view the treaty with misgivings, and consider the question of its ratification one of the most important to come before them in many years, they are not approaching the task with much enthusiasm. There are a number of reasons for this.

Cato

First is the surprising public apathy on the question. Reports from across the country indicate little public interest, despite Administration efforts to whip up emotions. While most of the population snoozes on the beach or goes fishing, pacifist fanatics write mounds of letters to Washington. In the absence of any real public outcry against the treaty, the pacifists and their allies may carry the day.

Then there is the pressure from the White House. The Administration has made it clear that it intends to use the treaty as a siege gun in its arsenal of weaponry for '64. It intends to go into the Presidential elections as the "peace" Administration, and will label treaty opponents "warmongers." Many senators feel this tactic could hurt them next year, when 33 of them face the voters. Among them Senators Prouty (R., Vt.), Jackson (D., Wash.), Dodd (D., Conn.), Symington (D., Mo.), and Scott (R., Pa.), all of whom have voiced their doubts about the value of a test-ban treaty. Averell Harriman has made his position explicit. When Rep. John Pillion (R., N.Y.) voiced his doubts about the wisdom of doing business with the Communists, Harriman bristled and shouted that if he were Pillion he would hate to explain his opposition to the "mothers of his district."

Later, at an off-the-record briefing of Hill aides, Harriman said he would "love" to run against any treaty opponent in 1964. This has, incidentally, led to renewed speculation that Harriman may oppose Senator Keating (R., N.Y.) next year. Although Keating is expected to go along on the Treaty of Moscow, the Administration hasn't forgotten his Cuban attacks.

Two arguments in particular seem to be influencing senatorial opinion. The first is that the treaty is a rather unimportant document, and that this country loses nothing by signing it. The other, that U.S. prestige would take a tremendous plunge if the treaty is not ratified.

So the Republicans, most of whom believe ratification will have serious military as well as psychological consequences, are finding themselves caught up in the neatest political trap of the year. Unless they get some indication—and soon—that the public opposes ratification, most of the GOP senators will probably go along with the Moscow treaty.

The Area Redevelopment Agency Bill, defeated in the House, passed in the Senate, and now back in the House, lies stalled in the Rules Committee. Several weeks ago Southern Democrats got the word that failure to vote for ARA would mean retaliation against the new Cotton Bill (the one that will give a subsidy to cotton manufacturers to make up for the subsidy paid to exporters, which is to make up for the subsidy paid to farmers). When this was first publicly hinted, Rules Chairman Howard Smith (D., Va.) told the House he was not going to be bought in such a scandalous fashion, and that he intended to use every ounce of his power to defeat ARA.

There is no longer any doubt that this is what the Administration intends. The Cotton Bill has cleared Rules and should have reached the floor by now. It is resting "on the Speaker's desk" and will presumably remain there until Rules relents on ARA (and those Southerners who voted against ARA switch their vote on the floor).

One recent application for ARA funds, incidentally, has been made by the hall in Atlantic City where the '64 Democratic Convention will be held. Owners of the building have asked for more than $1 million to air condition the premises, and have stressed that the money should be granted "immediately" if the work is to be finished in time.

The August 28 Civil Rights March on Washington will be swelled by civil servants. Government employees have been told that applications for annual leave will be granted for that day. In addition, offices on the Hill plan either to close or permit female employees to remain at home. Despite assurances to the contrary, most Washingtonians expect violence.

Ways and Means Committee Chairman Wilbur Mills, whose expertise on tax laws has long plagued the Administration, will become a Supreme Court Justice this fall, say Washington insiders. That will mean that Rep. Cecil King (D., Cal.), a New Frontier mouthpiece, will head the powerful committee. Rep. Mills will take the seat of Justice Douglas, whose third marriage has not particularly enhanced the dignity of the Court. With Mills out of the way, the controversial medicare bill will be reported out and this year its chances of passage are believed to be good.

The NAACP meeting held here last week made no bones of its predilection for the Democratic Party. Senator Everett Dirksen was treated so roughly that his colleague, Senator Thruston Morton, known as a "moderate" on civil rights, warned Negro leaders that such behavior would imperil passage of the President's civil rights bill. His words were not heeded. At one session two representatives of the Democratic National Committee were called from the audience to participate in a panel discussion while Dr. William Prendergast, the Republican National Committee's able research director and an official representative at the meetings, was ignored.

Some observers interpret the calculated rudeness by NAACP officials toward Republicans as a tactical maneuver, to torpedo the civil rights bill and blame that defeat on a "lily-white" Republican Party.

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The Lesson of Cambridge... and Salisbury: Was Violence Necessary?

It wasn't a matter of good guys and bad guys, says the author. Cambridge was singled out for violence by the Negro leadership; Salisbury was not.

L. BRENT BOZELL

Two small cities tucked away on Maryland's placid, semi-southern Eastern Shore forged into national prominence recently—Cambridge because its racial problems exploded into something pretty close to civil war; Salisbury because its mayor volunteered to the Congress of the United States some advice on how to handle the race issue without war.

Mayor Morris had not intended invidious comparisons the day he drove up to Washington to testify against President Kennedy's compulsory public accommodations proposal—though unhappy Cambridge was very much in the news. His point was simply that force was a poor substitute for appeals to "the hearts and heads" of men—as witness, he said, Salisbury's tentative success with a voluntary approach to desegregation. But Morris had not reckoned with some of the press' lust for a "story," especially one that served an ideological purpose. *Life*'s cover-piece, telling a "Tale of Two Towns," was typical: Golden Salisbury, living in peace because her enlightened leaders appreciated the justice and irresistibility of Negro demands for equality, and accommodated them; and lo, a bare thirty miles away, Black Cambridge, torn by strife because racist die-hards chose blindly to stand in the way of Progress. The moral of all this, of course: It Pays to Integrate.

A Year and a Half Ago

Well, maybe it does; but only a twisted eye could have wrenched out of the Salisbury-Cambridge picture an interpretation as crude and uncomplicated as that—and have missed some other lessons that a nation short on answers to the race problem might be eager to learn.

The best way of getting at those lessons, I think, is to look at the situation in the two cities a year and a half ago, in January 1962.

First take Salisbury.

Almost two years earlier, shortly before Holy Week of 1960, Rev. Robert Varley and Msgr. Eugene Stout, the rectors respectively of Salisbury's Episcopal and Catholic churches, received a letter from students at nearby Maryland State College, then the Negro adjunct of the University of Maryland, advising of their intention to "demonstrate" on Palm Sunday unless downtown lunch counters were desegregated. The students asked for the two clergymen's "moral support" and their participation in the marches —evidently mindful that they headed the only desegregated congregations in town. Varley and Stout, taking a somewhat different view of their responsibilities, brought the problem to the attention of some of the town's civic leaders, including other clergymen. The group decided to mediate between the Negroes and the lunch counter operators. The owners were approached individually by members of the group, and agreed to cooperate—largely, everyone now agrees, out of a desire to avoid trouble. For their part, the Negro students, guided by the counsel of MSC President Williams, were persuaded to hold up the demonstration plans while the town negotiations were going on; they also agreed, as a way of making the transition as easy as possible, to discourage unnaturally heavy, or rowdy, patronage once desegregation went into effect. A month later Salisbury's lunch counters were desegregated. There had been no demonstrations.

The Negroes had also asked for the establishment of a local biracial commission to consider other Negro grievances, and spur remedies. There was, as some saw it, a certain amount of feet-dragging on that one, but in September 1960, a committee headed by attorney Jack Webb was set up, and went to work. It was a slow process. But by early 1961 the city's major restaurants had been desegregated, and before the year was out, hotels, motels, and most movie houses were following suit. The Negroes' role on the committee, we may note here, was anything but easy: thanks to their participation in Salisbury "gradualism," partisans of Negro rights like the Rev. Henry Mack and NAACP leader, Mrs. Kathleen Purnell, were soon under fire from Negro extremists. And the extremists had plenty to talk about. By January 1962, Salisbury's schools were still segregated. The City Council had no Negro representation. No Negro served on the police force. The committee's efforts to open up new jobs to Negroes had so far produced very little. Negro housing in some parts of town was a scandal. Even in the public accommodations area, the bowling alley was closed to Negroes, as was the drive-in restaurant on the outskirt of town. But Salisbury's whites and Negroes were working on such problems—together; and there still had been no demonstrations.

'Model' City

Now Cambridge. The city likes to remind its critics that not long ago it was considered a "model" of interracial progress among those Maryland cities that have a serious problem. And in January 1962 that claim could still be advanced. A Negro had been on the City Council ever since 1900. Three Negroes served on the police force—Cambridge had preceded even Baltimore in this development. Cambridge's cops, to be sure, were assigned to the Negro districts;

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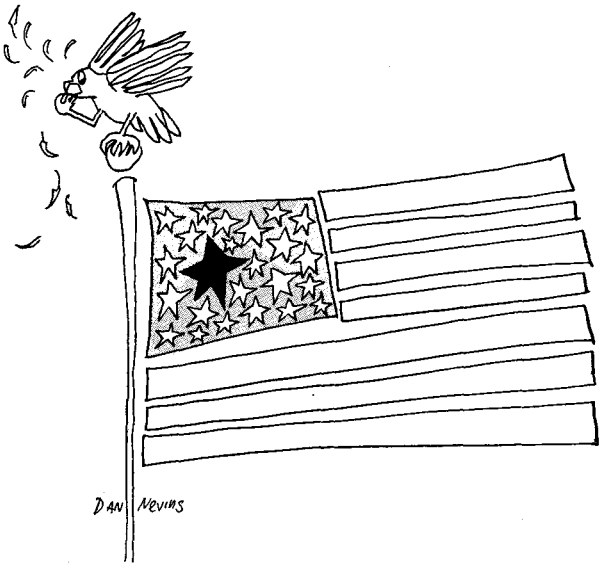
but that is the way the Negroes had wanted it. In 1956 Dorchester County had inaugurated a plan for phased school desegregation under which one grade, starting with the 12th, was to be opened to Negroes each year. By 1962 seven grades in the white schools were accessible to Negroes—though none had yet applied. On the employment front, one of Cambridge's chief arguments for attracting new industry was her non-discrimination policy in industrial-type jobs. Indeed, at least one major firm decided to locate in Cambridge, rather than Salisbury, for precisely this reason. Negro unemployment was, to be sure, *a serious problem.* But unemployment, in general, was a serious problem, thanks in part to the curtailment of a large Cambridge plant in 1959; civic leaders were hoping to solve it through a vigorous industrial development program.

Moreover, Cambridge had established its own biracial "Equal Opportunities Committee" in June 1961.



The committee went to work on the job problem, on housing—and on public accommodations. By this time three of the city's four major restaurants were open to Negroes. But the fourth, as well as sixteen smaller, lunch - counter - type establishments were not, and in the fall of 1961 the EOC began its own program of persuasion. With the support of the City Council, the EOC drafted and began to circulate among eating place operators a declaration affirming the nondiscriminatory policy of the establishment in question—on the understanding the declaration would go into effect when 75 per cent of the operators had signed. There was strong disapproval by several of the operators, but the EOC was confident of getting the required majority. In a word: while on the accommodations front things were moving more slowly in Cambridge than in Salisbury, they were moving.

In January 1962 city officials were advised that unless eating places were desegregated in five days, demonstrations would commence in Cambridge. Compliance with the deadline, if only because of mechanical difficulties, was quite impossible—as Negro leaders were surely aware. Whereupon, as promised, the demonstrations began. From that moment forward, everyone now seems to agree, Cambridge was doomed to serious race trouble. Whether the operators would have gone ahead with reasonably prompt, voluntary desegregation under the EOC's prodding—had there been no demonstrations—no one can say for sure. But *after* the demonstrations, and especially because of the whites' feeling about the ultimatum, conciliation was out of the question. Backs were up—and, rightly or wrongly, were going to stay up as long as the Negroes persisted in tactics that whites felt sure were being dictated from outside Cambridge. Persist they did: the demonstrations continued in Cambridge, on and off, throughout 1962, and while violence was negligible, attitudes on both sides hardened, and wills became fixed.

On March 26, 1963, Mrs. Gloris Richardson, now the acknowledged spokesman for the Negroes in Cambridge, laid it on the line! Massive demonstrations would continue, she said—and no one doubted she meant with the aid of outside agitators and financing—unless Cambridge agreed to desegregate its public accommodations *by law,* and also meet a series of other demands. One such demand was that Negroes be given 30 per cent of the jobs in every private business that had not "appreciably" begun to desegregate!—roughly, the Negro portion of the total population. The city now divided into two hostile camps, and when bitter attitudes increasingly produced violent deeds, city officials asked for and got the protection of the National Guard.

Early in July negotiators hammered out a peace agreement under which the City, in return for a promise to halt the demonstrations, undertook to a) pass a City Charter Amendment requiring the desegregation of all eating places and hotels; b) desegregate the remaining school grades at once instead of waiting for the phased plan to run its course; c) initiate public housing measures; and d) establish a biracial committee—though why this last has been represented as a City concession is somewhat of a mystery in the light of the previous history of the EOC. Thereupon the Guard was withdrawn—prematurely, as it turned out.

New Demand

For having agreed one evening that the foregoing City undertakings were acceptable, the Negro leaders announced the next morning that they were not: a city ordinance on public accommodations, rather than a Charter Amendment, they said, would be necessary, since the latter could be overturned by a popular referendum. The new demand, with its extraordinary disdain for the democratic process, was immediately backed up by new demonstrations. Eight white men were shot; the Guard was called back—and Robert Kennedy called in. By mid-July the Justice Department arranged a truce, the terms of which differed little from the earlier agreement the Negroes had repudiated; on the critical Charter Amendment ordinance dispute, the Negroes gave in. The Negroes' speedy capitulation on

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this point, by the way, has left the whites in Cambridge convinced that the Justice Department and the national Negro leadership were never very far out of touch on the Cambridge situation.

Today, to bring matters to date, the truce hangs precariously on the ability of the Cambridge white leadership to discourage repeal of the Charter Amendment by referendum —a matter that will be decided by October. But even if the leaders succeed—and make no mistake about it: they are earnestly trying to succeed out of the sharpest imperatives of community-interest—Cambridge will not be a place where Negroes and whites can live together in real amity for a long time to come.

And Salisbury? The biracial commission continues to preside over slow but peaceful progress toward improvement of the Negroes' lot. Since January 1962, a number of jobs have been opened up in the downtown retail stores. A Negro has been placed on the police force. The City has enacted a code against sub-standard housing, and new Negro housing is being provided by private contractors.

But as for the "peace" the community enjoys, nobody in town supposes that Salisbury was spared the ordeal of Cambridge because of some superior wisdom or virtue on the part of its white citizens. People in Salisbury, as in Cambridge, feel sure Cambridge was "elected" for the ordeal, and that the election was made some place other than the Shore. Moreover, there are plausible explanations why Cambridge was made the target. For one thing, the percentage of Negroes in the community was somewhat larger than most other places—and, much more important, the large number of unemployed Negroes provided an atmosphere of discontent and ready manpower for demonstrations. Finally, Cambridge *was* a little slow in the field most vulnerable to demonstration tactics—namely, public accommodations.

The Lessons

The "good guys" and "bad guys" reading of the Shore's experience is, then, silly and slanderous in the light of what actually happened. It is equally foolish to conclude that all a community need do to avoid race troubles is begin in good faith to integrate. Lesson-learners are better advised to lay aside cherished nostrums for once, and try to spot the conclusions to which the Salisbury-Cambridge data actually point. These will not answer the nation's race problem, but they may provide some useful clues:

The outstanding difference between Salisbury and Cambridge was not the conduct of the whites, nor the measure of desegregation achieved before the trouble, *but the Negroes' approach to the problem.* In Salisbury, whites responded intelligently, out of motives of self-interest, to Negro pressures and prodding; the pressures and proddings, in turn, appear to have been tempered by prudence—to have taken into account the difficulties of abandoning old and established patterns of community life. As a result, racial harmony was preserved, and substantial progress toward desegregation maintained. In Cambridge, racial disorder developed, though substantial progress toward desegregation was also under way, when Negroes lost patience with the pace of desegregation, and determined, apparently, to give the whites in the general area an object-lesson in the consequences of feet-dragging. White feet-dragging, however, was not marginally decisive in determining the *site* of the object-lesson: Cambridge was, for the reasons noted above, simply the more favorable terrain.

Again, while demonstrations and pre-emptory demands ultimately achieved in Cambridge such of the Negroes' objectives as could be made the subject of laws, these tactics marked the end in that city of interracial progress through negotiations and persuasion. The Negro's right to sit at a lunch counter, *e.g.*, was formally recognized, but the chance of enjoying that right in a reasonably congenial atmosphere was lost—probably for years to come. Or to put this in broader terms: by the Negro's own, just measure of what he is after —the eventual elimination of the color line in his community—he has apparently won the battle, but lost the war.

Negro leaders are quick to point out, however, that the Cambridge object lesson *was* profitably taught to other Eastern Shore communities, some of which made haste under the gun of the Cambridge trouble to inaugurate their own desegregation measures. But that observation obviously begs the question of whether different methods, such as those chosen at Salisbury, wouldn't have done the job just as well—or better. The Negroes' Salisbury approach, which keeps the pressure in the background and gives each community the opportunity to work out its peculiar problems in its own way, undoubtedly takes time; but it also holds far greater prospects for lasting racial harmony. This is why Mayor Morris ventured to warn Congress against the folly of force—whether the force of street violence, or legislation like President Kennedy's civil rights bill that supersedes a community's organic processes.

Do As I Say, Etc.

President Kennedy called for redoubled efforts to eliminate racial segregation in the public schools.

New York Times

Whenever people question me
About the '54 decree,
I always let them have it straight:
I think it's great to integrate!
(But certain cases are *de trop,*
Which I'll enumerate, below.)
At Palm Beach (God!) they just refused.
Hyannisport was not amused.
We *tried* it on the Honey-Fitz . . .
In Middleburg, we've called it quits.
And as for schooling Caroline
In Washington, *I* must decline.
I do not dig that Golden Rule;
She's going to Miss Porter's school!

W. H. VON DREELE

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The Third World War

Questions Begging

JAMES BURNHAM

The President has submitted the Treaty of Moscow with a "strong recommendation" that the Senate give its advice and consent to ratification. Though the Senate alone will make the formal decision, the debate is of course not confined to the Senate chamber and committee rooms; and I rather think that what goes on there is in this case of less importance than the wider discussion in the nation at large. As matters now stand in the Senate, the required majority will be forthcoming. Well over a third of the Senate, quite possibly a majority, does not really favor the treaty. Some senators will call critical witnesses and speak at length on the treaty's defects and dangers. In this way they will ease their consciences and make a record that they will try to fall back on when the Treaty of Moscow goes the way of Teheran, Yalta and Potsdam. But in the showdown, most of them will vote *Aye*. They are, or feel themselves to be, in too sticky a bind.

Burnham

There is one thing only that might pull them out and induce them to cast the opposing vote they actually believe in: a demonstration that many of their constituents are strongly against the treaty. I do not know whether in fact a popular majority in a sizable number of states does oppose it. The senators are getting some anti-treaty mail, but so far they have not been shown that the public opposition is sufficient in either numbers or intensity to cause them to change their present course toward eventual shamefaced ratification of the treaty.

A shrewd debater, like a skillful commander, tries to maneuver his opponent onto unfavorable ground. This is what has happened to the opponents of the Treaty of Moscow, though it is the result not so much of President Kennedy's maneuvering as of the entire rhetorical context in which the treaty appears. The opposition is tangled in a morass of unexamined assumptions that have gradually come to be taken for granted by nearly everyone—though in reality these assumptions are the fundamental points at issue. The debate, in and out of Congress, will probably center around questions that are genuine enough, but secondary: cheating, for example, the current balance of nuclear power, and the relative effect a test ban would have on Soviet and United States weapons development.

But everyone *assumes* that "an effective test-ban treaty" would be "a step toward peace," and naturally everyone assumes that a step toward peace is a fine thing. So what if this is only a medium-good treaty? At least, then, it is a half-step toward peace. And are you, Mr. Senator, going to vote against moving toward peace?

Let's Take for Granted

Everyone *assumes*—having had it drilled into them by the atomic ideologists for a decade—that it is a dangerous threat to peace (and therefore bad) if additional countries get nuclear weapons. The Treaty of Moscow will tend to inhibit their spread. Therefore, etc. But is it really true that *in every case* it would be bad if another country became nuclear armed? On the contrary, it is almost certainly *not* true. If France, to take one instance, gets a significant, even if relatively small, nuclear capability, this would unquestionably improve the chances against general nuclear war, by acting as an independent new deterrent on Soviet aggression; and that result would come in the best possible way for the United States, since the French capability, no matter what our passing policy troubles with France, would in no way be a threat to us.

Everyone *assumes* that the Moscow soft line is better for the West and for peace than the Peiping hard line; and the treaty helps Moscow. But surely the soft international line is a much more effective cover than the hard line for the Communist advance into the Caribbean and South America. It is much easier for Moscow to manipulate Nehru, Nasser, Nyerere and Nkrumah by the soft line than by a super-revolutionary approach announcing that in due time they will be liquidated. Togliatti's party may possibly come to power in Italy as the Communists did in Czechoslovakia, but not by the Peiping approach. And the soft line is incomparably superior as the camouflage for infiltration of the Negro and pacifist movements in this country.

Why Not an Arms Race?

The Treaty of Moscow may "slow down the arms race," and the President used this as a key argument in its favor. He and everyone *assume* that we ought to wish to slow down the arms race. But it was not an arms race that started the last great war; it was the failure of Britain and France to get into a race. Because our economy has much greater capacity and flexibility, an arms race is for us much the best mode for "competitive peaceful coexistence." We can take the most enormous armament building in stride; the Soviet bloc cannot; and thus we keep the Communists strenuously occupied, off balance and less able to do mischief, precisely by *forcing* them to continue and step up the arms race.

The Treaty of Moscow will "reduce tensions," and this too, everyone *assumes,* is good. Once more, why so? Should we not rather seek to *increase* the tensions that cause conflict between the Communist powers, that divide Moscow from its satellites, that set the people of the Communist sphere against their despotic governments? Is it really our aim to make it *easier* for Khrushchev and his comrades in Bolshevism to preserve their totalitarian rule? If it is, the Senate should by all means ratify the Treaty of Moscow.

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The Mind of Barry Goldwater

Goldwater may not be an intellectual, Mr. Kirk says, but he has those other qualities of mind, character, heart and humor that we need in a President

RUSSELL KIRK

No one finds it easy to dislike Senator Goldwater. Even Mr. Walter Reuther and Mr. Walter Lippmann have commended him to the Republicans as their Presidential nominee—though not, perhaps, with perfect ingenuousness. Liberal Democrats like Senator Eugene McCarthy, and Liberal Republicans like Senator Clifford Case, esteem him as a person. The American public only smiles when propagandists of the Left—or even Governor Rockefeller—endeavor vainly to libel the Senator from Arizona as an "extremist."

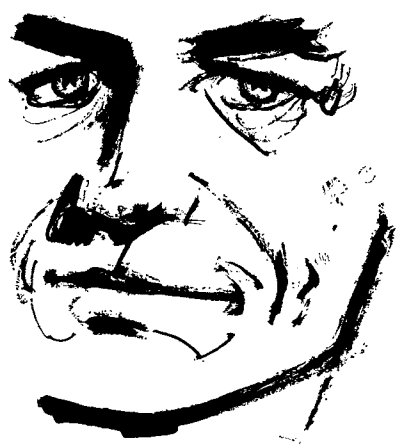
So Mr. Goldwater's amiability, honesty, and candor, stand unchallenged. What his detractors now deplore, however, is his intellectual endowment. Is Mr. Goldwater wise enough to be President? Or is he mentally superficial?

This challenge is somewhat odd, in view of the mentalities of our four recent Presidents. Franklin Roosevelt was clever and shrewd; yet few, even of his devotees, would call him profound. Harry Truman, in office, was blunt and homely—but no one credited him with high imagination or remarkable powers of logic. Dwight Eisenhower, friendly and trusted, scarcely shone as an original genius. John F. Kennedy, for all his Harvard schooling, does not set up as a political philosopher, leaving that to Mr. Schlesinger & Co.

1964 Onward

Yet it may be argued, with reason, that from 1964 onward this nation will require a President possessed not only of charismatic qualities of leadership, but also of an intellect decisive, quick, and strong. The almost unbearable duties of the Presidency now could not be borne by Warren G. Harding, say—who had trouble enough in his own time. Does Mr. Barry Goldwater possess a mind fully capable of confronting, and dealing with, the multitudinous responsibilities of the most powerful office in the world?

Knowing Senator Goldwater, I do not hesitate to say that he does indeed have a good mind, as well as a conscience. So far as any man is competent to contend against our present discontents, Mr. Goldwater



is endowed with the sort of brain that is required for the modern Presidency.

Of course I do not mean that Senator Goldwater is a scholar. Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, and Herbert Hoover all had real claims, though on varied grounds, to sound scholarship. Perhaps we may not look upon their like again. Nor has Mr. Goldwater the literary talents of Churchill or de Gaulle. It would be a gross exaggeration to call him a man of books—though his literary tastes are somewhat more grave than those of Franklin Roosevelt or Dwight Eisenhower. Immensely energetic, longing always for action of some sort, he reads only in odd intervals of leisure, on a plane or in some unexpected moments of idleness. But what he reads, he masters: and he has no time to waste upon trash. Some of our more eminent statesmen were men of few books—Lincoln, for one, and Calhoun.

This writer is an eye-learner. But Mr. Goldwater is an ear-learner, primarily. He forms his practical judgments chiefly upon the basis of conversations with men who, he has reason to believe, know what they are talking about. And in this he has a curious power of rapid penetration. Conceivably he possesses an hereditary talent for shrewd measurement of men: certainly those successful merchants, his father and his grandfather, were accomplished in this art. In a few minutes of talk, he grips the heart of the matter under discussion—and doesn't forget.

Interwoven with this gift for assimilating the essence of an oral exchange is the still more remarkable Goldwater knack of apprehension which must be called intuition. Accustomed to decide at short notice, he seems able to leap mentally, in the course of a conversation, from premise to conclusion, even though the particular ground may be unfamiliar to him. He knows *how* to think—which in anyone, and especially in a modern President, matters much more than an accumulation of inert facts.

Though Mr. Goldwater entertains a respect for formal higher education which an academic insider may consider almost naive, no one does his thinking for him. No one, indeed, gets really inside the Senator. His good humor and friendliness are genuine; yet there remains always a certain reserve, almost invisible to the casual observer, that requires Mr. Goldwater to make up his own mind—and to live his inner life, in the phrase of Marcus Aurelius, "as if upon a mountain." One even may postulate a shyness behind the jokes and the easy Western manner. So far, and no further, the politicians and the admirers penetrate. When

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some presuming associate aspires to get to the heart of Barry Goldwater —more particularly, when someone tries to tell him what to think or say —the manner often remains cordial, but an indefinable barrier is lowered. Perhaps without willing it, the Senator retains something now rare; dignity without pomposity.

Far from being superficial, then, Goldwater's nature is complex and interesting. The jet planes and mechanical gadgets which amuse him no more define the man than the detective stories which Franklin Roosevelt read, or Churchill's brandy and cigars.

Tocqueville on 'Honor'

Though he is a Major General in the Air Force Reserve, neither would it be accurate to describe his mind as characteristically that of a military man. He prizes honor—though, as a gentleman is a person who never calls himself a gentleman, so Mr. Goldwater does not orate about honor. Yet it is not quite the "honor" of a general and admiral; rather it is the honor which Tocqueville describes as peculiarly American:

> On one point American honor accords with the notions of honor acknowledged in Europe: it places courage as the highest virtue and treats it as the greatest of the moral necessities of man; but the notion of courage itself assumes a different aspect. In the United States martial valor is but little prized; the courage which is best known and most esteemed is that which emboldens man to brave the dangers of the ocean in order to arrive earlier in port, to support the privations of the wilderness without complaint, and solitude more cruel than privations, the courage which renders them almost insensible to the loss of a fortune laboriously acquired, and instantly prompts to fresh exertions to make another.

Precisely this American understanding of honor, so shrewdly described by Tocqueville, accounts in considerable part for the following which Mr. Goldwater has attracted—without a Madison Avenue campaign or any real endeavor to rally personal support—throughout these United States. A frontier forthrightness, hardihood, and cheerful persistence cling to Barry Goldwater, even though Arizona is now the paradise of the retired, and the Goldwater trading-post has become a fashionable department store. If Theodore Roosevelt won popularity as the exemplar of the strenuous life, Barry Goldwater retains effortlessly the atmosphere of those pioneer virtues which Americans have rated above military prowess. And Americans still associate with such a character a type of mind, practical, resolute, and decisive, combined with a certain humorous self-depreciation. Where Mr. Goldwater is concerned, Americans are not simply nostalgic in this.

From Mr. Goldwater's two books, the reader obtains only an imperfect apprehension of the man's mind and character. *The Conscience of a Conservative* does suggest the resoluteness of the man; *Why Not Victory?*, his willingness to confront hard truths. But it is in his humorous extemporaneous speeches, and in private discourse, that the toleration and prudence and generosity of Goldwater's nature are to be discerned. He does not mean to be a messiah; he knows that the Earthly Paradise is a mirage.

No politician of our time is less of an ideologue—that is, less governed by what Burke called theoretic dogma and abstract doctrine. On the other hand, the Senator is no pragmatist. Rather, he is what Mr. David Riesman calls a "tradition-directed individual" (a species which, erroneously, Mr. Riesman takes to be nearly extinct). His first principles of morality he takes, unquestioningly, from Christian and Jewish authority; his first principles of politics, from the Constitution of the United States.

Firm upon such foundations, he is able to decide quickly because he is not floundering in the Serbonian bog of perpetual incertitude. And he does not have to be forever worrying about what enlightened Harvard might say.

Native penetration, prompt dispatch of business, rejection of the ephemeral and trifling, realistic assessment of his fellows, readiness of decision—these are characteristics of mind calculated to bring success in the highest executive office. Goldwater's is, indeed, an executive—rather than a legislative—mentality. Committee work he never has loved. Nor is he given to "agonizing reappraisals." Mistakes he is quite willing to confess, but he doesn't bawl over spilt milk.

Base of Operations

His dislike of cant and his almost heedless candor considered, Goldwater's immense popularity is surprising to most publicists. It cannot be attributed to an astute staff. Mr. Goldwater has no staff, in the sense that Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Rockefeller and lesser leaders have surrounded themselves with speechwriters and technical advisers. Governors Romney and Scranton, far less influential than Senator Goldwater, have far more skilled help. "Senator Goldwater's office is run like that of the late Senator Chavez," says one friend, with a smile—meaning that it is a cheerful, rather disorderly, Southwestern home-town little affair. No burningly ambitious man would rest content for a day with so tiny a base of political operations.

What intellectual assistance he has required heretofore, Mr. Goldwater has obtained, casually, from some member of a Senate committee staff, or a conservatively-inclined professor or two of his acquaintance, or a friendly newspaperman. Even such counsel ordinarily takes the form of brief memoranda or informal talk. Nowadays some journalists, not previously conspicuous for their hankering after Goldwater, have made it their business to inform him that he ought to encompass himself with an intellectual entourage. Probably they are right. But the fact that the Senator has gone so far, and uttered so much sound sense, without a brain trust—this, I suggest, is strong evidence of his mental powers.

Intellectually considered, Mr. Goldwater is more farsighted than Mr. Kennedy; more quick-witted than Mr. Rockefeller; more self-reliant than Mr. Stevenson; more reflective than Mr. Eisenhower. He is not Dis-

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raeli (despite a similar flair), nor is he John Adams (notwithstanding a certain similar hardheadedness). He is no master of theoretical politics, and no glowing rhetorician. Yet he possesses, in his easy-going way, what Kent discerned in Lear: authority. His words carry conviction, because men perceive that they come from a sound head.

Many men would like to play Gray Eminence to Mr. Goldwater's charismatic popular influence; none will so succeed. He cannot be bought, he cannot be mesmerized. He will listen, but no Harry Hopkins will make up his mind, and no Sherman Adams will keep the key to his office.

The 'Presidential Mind'

If there is such a thing as an efficacious Presidential Mind, I think Mr. Goldwater has it. Doubtless he would deny any such remarkable endowment. But I put the case as follows:

Mr. Goldwater has a mind calculated to distinguish tellingly between the able lieutenant and the pretentious subordinate.

He has a mind calculated to anticipate difficulties and make preparation for them.

He has a mind calculated to arrive at hard decisions without dangerous vacillation.

He has a mind calculated to reconcile necessary improvement with the essential continuity of institution and purpose.

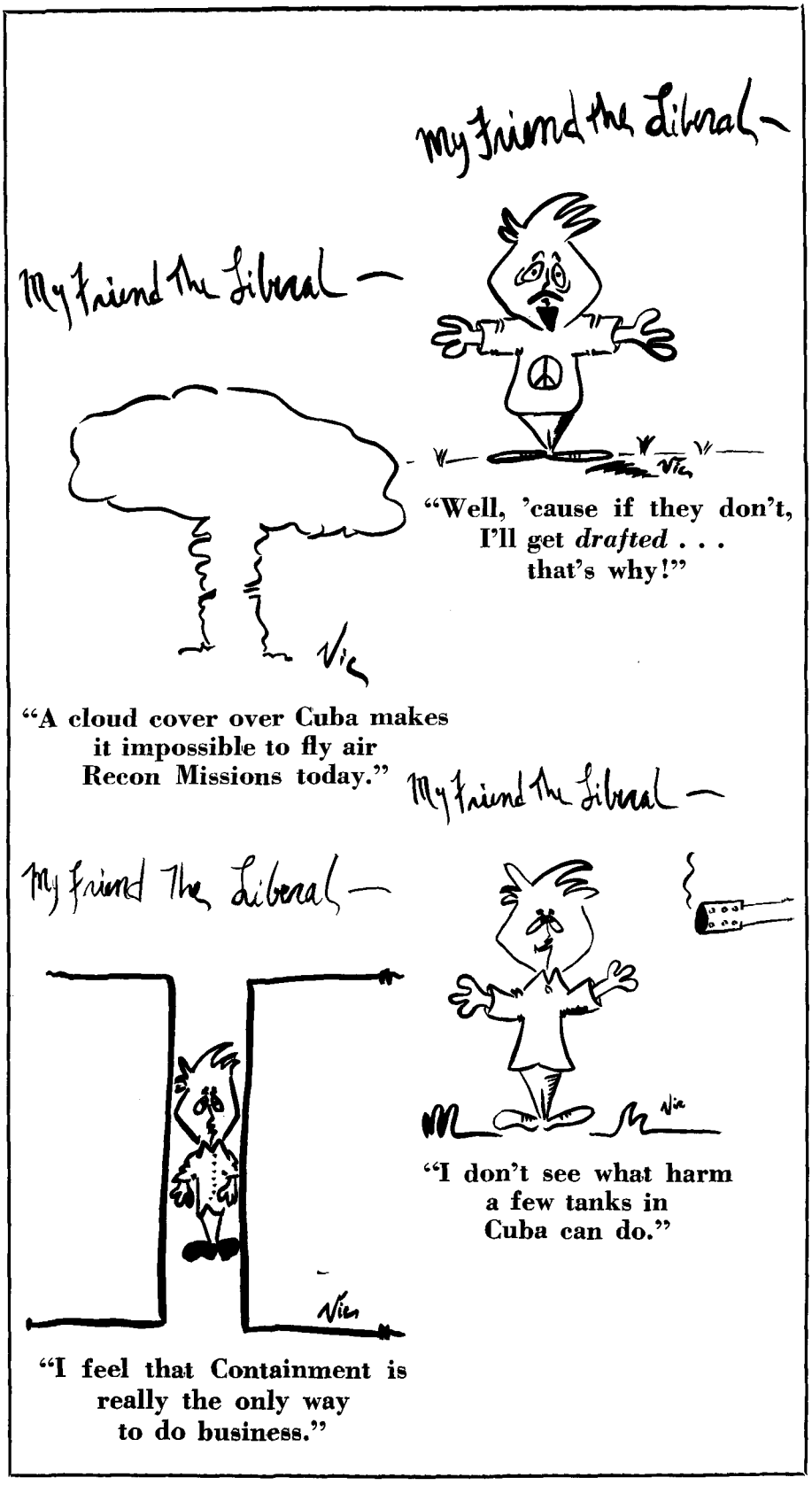
He has a mind calculated to withstand the ideologue's bullying, without himself indulging in rant and rodomontade.

He has a mind rooted in principle and tradition, but enlivened by a love of action, and humanized by humor.

If these are the marks of "shallowness," gentlemen—why, preserve us from political profundity. "The Whigs will live and die in the heresy that the world is ruled by little pamphlets and speeches," said Walter Scott—a gentleman who doubtless would have got on admirably with Barry Goldwater. Mr. Goldwater is no Whig of that doctrinaire breed. He senses that politics, the art of the possible, is no closet exercise.

Probably Senator Goldwater has not read the sybilline essays of Professor Michael Oakeshott: yet he would assent at once to Oakeshott's observation that nations are not justly governed by textbooks.

Mr. Goldwater does not depend upon the crib: he acts upon experience of the world, and a healthy intuition, and the occasional advice of sensible men. These, I maintain, are evidences of a political mind equipped —so far as any possible President's mind can be prepared—to take arms against a sea of troubles.


My friend the Liberal—
"Well, 'cause if they don't, I'll get *drafted* . . . that's why!"
My friend the Liberal—
"A cloud cover over Cuba makes it impossible to fly air Recon Missions today."
My friend the Liberal—
"I don't see what harm a few tanks in Cuba can do."
My friend The Liberal—
"I feel that Containment is really the only way to do business."

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Will Italian Democracy Survive?

A sober look at the stresses within the Christian Democratic Party which, unless healed, could lead to the end of parliamentary government in Italy

DAVID FUTCH

After fifteen years of relative quiet and stability, Italy has returned to the front line of Cold War struggle in the wake of April's general election. If Americans remember anything at all of Italy's political crisis of the first postwar years, they associate it with the subversion of the monarchy in 1946 and the crucial election of 1948 when the Communists made what many feared would become their first successful bid for power through democratic rather than revolutionary means. Thwarted on that occasion by the combativeness and solidarity of the (then) militantly anti-Communist Catholic party—*la Democrazia Cristiana*—the followers of Communist leader Palmiro Togliatti were banished to the political wilderness, and the country settled down to a sort of old time French-style parliamentary government and to the enjoyment of its own version of West Germany's "economic miracle." Today these gains are in jeopardy once more, and Italy's political future has become one of the most embarrassing question marks in NATO Europe.

The current post-election crisis, momentarily concealed in June by the creation of Giovanni Leone's stopgap administrative cabinet, became acute—for Americans, read "visible"—with the April election in which the Christian Democrats lost well over a half million votes and the Communists picked up more than a million. In balloting for the Chamber of Deputies, the Communists and their frequent fellow travelers, the Nenni Socialists, rolled up a popular vote total of 39.1 per cent (against 38.3 per cent for the Christian Democrats). These have been the first fruits of the *aperturista* policy forced upon the *Democrazia Cristiana* by its dominant left wing in the past three years. But the origins of the present unhappy situation cannot be sought alone in Amintore Fanfani's and Aldo Moro's "opening to the Left." The *apertura a sinistra* has been the climax, not the cause, of a crisis dating back to pre-Fascist years.

Before World War I

Italian political life before World War I was centered in a parliament elected (until 1913) under highly limited suffrage and dominated by rapidly and chaotically shifting personal factions rather than by clearly defined political parties. The modern party as Americans know it emerged in Italy only in the decade between the enfranchisement of a mass (male) electorate in 1912 and the advent of Mussolini in 1922. And in the hard postwar years of 1919 and 1920 the only forces which succeeded in striking deep roots in the political soil were two relative newcomers on the parliamentary scene: the Marxian Socialists, politically negligible until the 1890s, and the militant Catholics, who had abhorred and boycotted the laic and in many respects anti-clerical Italian state ever since 1870.

Neither the Catholics nor the Socialists, then, had much use for the Kingdom of Italy erected in the nineteenth century by the affluent middle classes, the army, and the ancient but drab dynasty of Savoy. And now it was precisely the hostile Marxians and Catholics, rising at last from the political catacombs, who recruited a following of millions apiece, while the conservative heirs of the kingdom's founders, accustomed to an easy-going Victorian Latin oligarchy, were unable to create political machinery capable of sustaining the moderate parliamentary regime of 1861 in an age of—demagogic—mass democracy.

The Socialist movement was quickly split by the Russian Revolution, the debate over whose merits produced a Soviet-oriented Communist Party and a faction of anti-Bolshevik Socialists. Both branches of Italian Marxism remained dedicated, of course, to the destruction of bourgeois government and the capitalist economy, as well as to the overthrow of such pre-capitalist institutions as the monarchy, the landed aristocracy and its great rural estates, and the Roman Catholic Church. To defend the last, the Catholic militants, led by an eloquent Sicilian priest and reformer, Don Luigi Sturzo, organized their *Partito Popolare* in 1919. The new Popular Party, however, was united on only a single point—the maintenance of the Church and the enhancement of its influence in civil life. Beyond this, the PP contained innumerable factions which advocated everything from the strictest bourgeois orthodoxy to the socialization of landed estates and factories.

The Liberali *and the* Fascisti

By the beginning of the 1920s, the Catholics and Socialists were apparently heading for a collision which would produce a constitutional crisis of revolutionary dimensions. While many on the Catholic far Left were inclined to collaborate with the non-Communist Socialists, the latter refused any meaningful cooperation. The *Liberali,* who represented the established order, had meanwhile lost control of the situation in any context of normal parliamentary government. At this point many of them became flustered and threw their support to Benito Mussolini's small but aggressive band of Fascist street-fighters who, hopefully, would suppress Red disorders and make possible the reestablishment of the constitutional regime. The *Fascisti,* instead, overrode both their enemies and their allies of 1922 and established their own dictatorship, which endured until foreign invasion and conquest toppled it in 1943.

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It was symbolic, and not an historic accident, that after Mussolini's fall a veritable chamberful of aging pre-Fascist politicians flocked back to Italy, including Orlando of Versailles, Bonomi, Nitti, and Pietro Nenni. What happened was that World War II and the collapse of *Fascismo* had revealed the *Duce's* "revolution" to be only a transitory parenthesis in the nation's life. The "democratic Restoration" therefore left the country confronting the same dilemma it had faced in 1920. But this did not become clear immediately because the immense growth of Communist power and the onset of the Cold War frightened the Catholics into a unanimous "hard" line against the Left and for a long time concealed the grave rifts buried in the Catholic movement.

As World War II ended, a civil war erupted in Italy between the enemies and the onetime beneficiaries of the Fascist government. The Communists in particular and the Left in general now enjoyed an advantage denied them a quarter-century earlier; their prominence among the guerrilla partisans who feebly harassed the Nazis and Fascists in the war's last year enabled them to masquerade as the architects of the "Liberation" and to monopolize forever after the (somewhat over-glamorized) tradition of "the Resistance." By the spring of 1945 the Communists, Socialists, republicans, and other radicals were ready to transform the victorious *Resistenza* into class war.

Led by de Gasperi

As in 1919, however, the Catholics were ready, and under the leadership of Alcide de Gasperi, a follower of Sturzo, they fought off the Reds in a political struggle that ended in April 1948, when the Christian Democrats (successors to the old *Popolari*) became the country's dominant political party. In the 1948 general election they polled a trifle over 48 per cent of the popular vote—a clear plurality. Backed by the Truman Administration, the *democristiani* took an aggressively anti-Communist line, reestablished a strong free enterprise economy, and in 1949 made Italy a charter member of NATO.

From the moment of its rebirth in the mid-1940s, however, the Christian Democratic Party found itself visited by the same Left-Right schism that had neutralized the *Partito Popolare* before 1922. Only the necessity to maintain a solid front against the powerful Communists checked the development of this split. De Gasperi, a moderate who had reluctantly thrown the Left a sacrificial lamb in its old *bête noire,* the monarchy, which he allowed the radicals to destroy in 1946, sanctioned also a "land reform" program which, if vigorously pressed, threatened to turn into a government crusade against landed estates. Otherwise the Premier held the line with fair success against the Catholic left-wing extremists.

As the Communist menace seemed to fade in the fifties, and with the retirement of de Gasperi in 1953, the ideological divisions within the gov-

erning party grew more pronounced. In 1954, the year de Gasperi died, the Christian Democratic Left opened in earnest its campaign for a party orientation closer to that of non-Communist socialism—for what has since been acclaimed as the "opening to the Left." The architect of the "opening" was the most celebrated of the new Italy's politician-professors, Amintore Fanfani, familiarly the *Ducetto* (or "little *Duce*") of Arezzo.

Fanfani's hour struck during the "July days" of 1960. In the midst of brutal street disorders which claimed a number of lives, the Communists, Socialists, and—significantly—Christian Democratic leftists appealed to the spurious "spirit of the Resistance," engendering in the process an atmosphere of revolutionary terror which overturned a center-Right coalition cabinet and brought to power the idol of the Left, Professor Fanfani. He remained in office almost three years, a tenure longer than any since de Gasperi's time. With the support of the State Department and the Kennedy Administration Premier Fanfani cut the DC loose from its erstwhile conservative partners and began to woo the ultra-pink Nenni Socialists, many of whom have spurned the overtures of the Catholic radicals. Then came last April's general election which cut the ground from under Fanfani and brought his immediate fall.

To prophesy the course of events at this juncture would be too bold. Clearly the Left (and less the Catholic than the Marxist Left) has emerged from the last election stronger than ever—a useful reminder that Italy is far from a conservative country, even if she does continue to regale visitors with Siena's traditional *Palio* and an occasional Regatta in Venice. The radical orientation of democratic Italy, today as fifty years ago, is underscored by the absence of an effective political Right: Italy lacks a Goldwater, an Adenauer, a de Gaulle—even a Macmillan.

Answers to Come

The question remains today much what it was when its solution was short-circuited by the Fascist coup in 1922: Can parliamentary and libertarian democracy survive where naked envy and class antagonisms are dominant political forces, where only the Left—which is essentially authoritarian—seems able now to elicit and retain mass political support? More than that: Can the Catholic movement escape the hypnosis of "the July days" of 1960 and prevent its own left wing from paralyzing it? Can the Vatican, under Paul VI, wage a successful struggle against Marxist (or any other) collectivism as it did in the early '20s and after World War II under "conservative" Benedict XV and Pius XII? If history cannot answer these questions affirmatively, the parliamentary order in yet another Latin state will dissolve. If and when that happens, Italy's allies and well-wishers can only hope that a new regime may be pro-Western and, if no longer democratic, then at least not illiberal. The present political impasse leaves precisely these issues at stake.

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'Crimes Against Humanity'

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

We all would like the world to be simple and safe; it is neither. Books can spuriously simplify our image of it, and reassure us, by helping us not to see it plain. Miss Arendt refuses to cooperate; which makes her book controversial. Her altogether brilliant analysis of Eichmann, the totalitarian bureaucracy in which he lived, and his trial in Jerusalem raises three major issues: 1) The behavior of the Jewish victims and of their leaders unwittingly facilitated their own extermination. 2) Eichmann, far from being a monster or a psychological abnormality, was a quite banal everyday bureaucratic type so unusually usual as to seem more a type than a person. 3) The legal basis of the Jerusalem proceedings is highly questionable; the ineptness of both prosecution and defense is not.

Surviving Jews would like to feel that the nature and extent of the catastrophe were altogether beyond their control. When Miss Arendt points out that more Jews would have escaped had the Jewish organizations not helped the Nazis corral the victims and herd them to the slaughter, the survivors feel as though the victims are blamed instead of the murderers. Yet the murderers' responsibility is not diminished by the victims' failure to escape. Most Jews were misled by leaders who convinced them, and often themselves, that orderly submission and cooperation with Nazi authorities would save more lives than non-cooperation and rebellion. They were wrong. Rebellion, by making the extermination more costly to the Germans, might have saved more; even non-cooperation might have. The Jews rightly complain that little aid was given them. But when the members of a threatened group do not attempt to resist, it is unlikely that non-members will—which helps explain, but does not justify this failure of humanity.

Eichmann in Jerusalem: A Report on the Banality of Evil, by Hannah Arendt. Viking, $5.50

Yet rebellion, resistance and non-cooperation, though more rational, and materially possible, was psychologically inconceivable to the Jewish community. For millennia the Jews had survived by submitting and compromising. For millennia they were right in thinking that submission would save more than resistance. And, at first, the Nazis did let them emigrate if they allowed themselves to be robbed; even later, submission must have seemed the most rational reaction; at times and for some, it was. The Jews were not prepared for anything else. History did not seem to offer an alternative. Nor, even though the information often was available, could they believe that a state which had all the appurtenances of civilization, which they were conditioned to accept as the embodiment of an order which protected law-abiding citizens, intended to murder them. To be sure, Jews were accustomed to anti-Semitism, even to violence; but not to government-sponsored systematic genocide, not to the law itself doing what even lawlessness had not done before. Their very law-abiding virtues became their undoing. They did not act as they might have, because they denied to themselves a reality so terrifying as to be psychologically inconceivable.

Miss Arendt is right in pointing out the ultimate irrationality of the apparently rational behavior of the Jewish communities; but, had she made a greater effort to explain it, her correct, and important, point might have been met with more understanding. (I think Miss Arendt is often harsh in comments on the splits, conflicts, and priorities within the Jewish group that abetted the Nazis. The intent was not always reprehensible or the outcome foreseeable. Similarly, her high moral fervor backed by *post factum* realism make her less than charitable toward such persons as the Protestant minister Heinrich Gruber, whom she reproaches implicitly with having been but decent and courageous rather than a saint; or Staatsecretary Hans Globke— the case against him is stated fully but the case in his favor is satirized.)

Non-Jews will be as upset as Jews by Miss Arendt's all too convincing evidence that Eichmann was a quite ordinary man. Life would be simpler if only monsters committed monstrous acts; and much safer: there are, after all, a few monsters around—by definition. The trouble is that Eichmann was a rather ordinary man. There are lots of ordinary men around and, given the circumstances, they would have acted as Eichmann did. In the words of Simone Weil ". . . whenever a certain group of human beings is relegated, by some temporal or spiritual authority, beyond the pale of those whose life has a price, then one finds it perfectly natural to kill such people . . . it is impossible to resist without a strength of mind which I am obliged to consider exceptional since I have not found it in anyone." We are not safe at all. Our only hope—feeble as it is—rests on understanding what happened, what can happen to ordinary men, what can be done by them, and under what circumstances it is likely to occur. Miss Arendt has made a major contribution to this understanding.

Yet bearers of unwelcome messages are usually denied, as are the messages they bear. The *New York Times* (which suffers from nearly infallible intuition) employs a dema-

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gogic mountebank, Michael Musmanno, to assure its readers that Miss Arendt is just one of those intellectual soreheads and, of course, all wrong and incompetent, that people are still divided into good and bad guys, and that the problem is simply to punish the bad guys, and that this was properly done in Jerusalem.

WAS THERE, and is there, and could there be, a law to punish enormities such as those committed by the Nazis? There was and there is none. Yet the Nazi enormities cry out for punishment; and there is no way to punish an action except by punishing the actors—it would have been morally wrong not to kill Eichmann. But it was legally wrong to do so. It was justice—but not according to law.

Some unsatisfactory features of the trial might have been avoided. Arrangements to permit Eichmann's defense witnesses to appear in court could have been made by giving them temporary immunity. The prosecutor could have been less inane, the evidence less replete with legal irrelevancies, the defense better. However, none of this would have made much difference. Thanks to the fair and, in the best sense, judicial conduct of the judges, the facts were quite well established. (This, of course, is the merit of the trial.)

Adolf Eichmann: ". . . *was a quite banal everyday bureaucratic type so unusually usual as to seem more a type than a person.*"

To be sure, Eichmann was kidnaped in violation of generally recognized norms of law, to be accused of having violated generally recognized norms of law. However, this too made little difference: a man may be validly sentenced regardless of how he be brought into the court's power. The trouble is that the court's power does not establish its jurisdiction. Had Eichmann volunteered to appear in court, the absence of valid applicable law still would not have been overcome. (Although irrelevant to Eichmann's legal status, the kidnaping is an uncomfortable precedent. I wouldn't care for the Russians' kidnaping West Germans and trying them as Nazis, or the Egyptians kidnaping Israelis and trying them for crimes against Arabs. Fortunately the precedent has not been followed.)

Miss Arendt thinks that an international tribunal would have been more appropriate, for, although the Jews were the main victims, humanity as a whole was injured in their persons. Certainly. But matters would not have been helped by the presence of Communist judges, part of a system quite like that of the Nazis, and which has committed similar deeds as yet unpunished. (That Stalin did so is now in part admitted by the Russians. He was helped by the present Soviet leaders whose defense plea does not differ from Eichmann's.) And there is no more valid international than there is national law to deal with an Eichmann—the main difficulty would not have been overcome.

Modern criminal law demands *mens rea* (malevolent intent), that punishment be inflicted only if the accused intentionally did (or neglected to prevent) what he knew to be wrong (or with normal diligence would have been capable of knowing), and could have avoided doing. Eichmann could not have been aware of violating the Israeli law under which he was tried—neither the law nor Israel existed when he committed his acts. He was not tried for violating German law. Moreover, Hitler's orders had the force of law in Nazi Germany and he followed them. He saw himself as an eager, law-abiding bureaucrat. He did not violate international law: none existed that dealt with "crimes against humanity." We live in sovereign states, each of which is the ultimate source of law within its territory. Hitler's government (and therewith its law) was recognized as the legitimate government of Germany by all other states.

To be sure, Eichmann once or twice saw the results of his activities: he attended the actual murder of some of his victims—and felt squeamish. But he overcame his feeling and did what he saw as his duty. I do not believe that *mens rea* was established; Eichmann knew what he was doing but did not know that it was wrong. Further, as in Nazi and (at least in the past) in Soviet law, and in Nuremberg, *post factum* law was applied to Eichmann—law that did not exist when he committed the acts it prohibits. (With different procedure and jurisdiction Eichmann might have been accused of violating a variety of national laws. This would have been like imprisoning Al Capone for failing to pay his taxes. The procedure actually used was more honest.)

Miss Arendt makes as good a case as can be made for the Allied and Israeli violation of the principle of *mens rea* and of *nullum crimen sine lege* (no act is a crime unless it violates a valid law—*i.e.*, there is no retroactive criminal law). She argues that new crimes require new laws that must be created *ad hoc* and applied retroactively. Quite literally this introduces lawlessness into the law. It was done at Nuremberg and used as precedent in Jerusalem. But the Nuremberg precedent only establishes that victors have the power, not the right, to judge the defeated. Miss Arendt, ambiguously realizing as much, tells Eichmann that, since he refused to share the earth with some members of the human race, ". . . no member of the human race can be expected to share the earth with you. This is the reason, and only reason you must hang." A fine moral argument (hardly needed). But moral judgments are not *ipso facto* legal rules. The task is to make them into legal rules. And the asseveration of the moral judgment doesn't transform it into law. I fear it cannot be done in the foreseeable future, and I want to indicate why.

EICHMANN followed orders he could not regard as illegal. These orders were immoral or contrary to "natural law." Were they illegal? It seems one ought to say "yes"—yet it is impossible. In the first place the "natural [moral] law" is unfortunately not easily discerned; wherefore positive law is required and the natural law, or morality, must be regarded as a

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directive to the lawgivers, not to the lawtakers. In my opinion President Truman's order for the bombing of Hiroshima, and the Allies' "strategic" bombing of German cities such as Dresden (which was known to be without military objectives) violated the "customs of war" and the natural law. (There will be no trial—the Nuremberg precedent applies only to the defeated. So does the Eichmann precedent.) Truman and the Allies were sincerely convinced that they served some ultimate politico-military purpose which justified bombing civilians. But in this abstract sense, so was Eichmann, however irrationally, convinced that he was working for the victory and welfare of the Reich. And we are willing to hang him without demonstrating *mens rea*—which means we cannot absolve Mr. Truman for lack of it.

But Eichmann cannot be properly compared with Mr. Truman. He must be compared with the pilots who, carrying out unquestioned orders, dropped the "strategic" bombs on Germany and the atom bomb on Hiroshima. Not only did they not have *mens rea;* they also felt it their duty to follow superior orders and leave the judgment of their military and moral correctness to their superiors. To say that this is wrong is to say that the power of decision in cases of moral doubt—at least a veto power—passes from the President to the man who is to carry out the President's order. I see no advantage in this, since I have no reason to believe that this man's judgment is better than the President's, and some reason to believe it is likely to be worse.

To be sure, we can hope to get subordinates not to carry out clearly illegal orders of superiors. But the really important orders were not (in Eichmann's case and in the bombing cases) and will not be clearly illegal—though they may well be immoral. (One may insist that Eichmann did on occasion violate the law knowingly, but he would have been hanged had he not; and the basic accusation was that he obeyed it.)

As long as there are sovereign states whose law is paramount in their territories, there is no law, other than their own, that their citizens can violate. A state such as Nazi Germany, which is itself immoral, can be defeated and the victors can impose their rules. This can happen to a state that is not immoral too. In either case, the right of the victors is but their might, and the law invented *ad hoc.*

It was infinitely preferable that the Allies won. I prefer their might, and their invention. But it could become right only if they could work out a law and a procedure to which they themselves and all states alike would be subjected—and not just the defeated. To hope for that is to hope for the abolition of totalitarianism, of war, and at least of external sovereignty. But German Jews could not have been protected without surrendering internal sovereignty too—or, great chunks of it. A farfetched hope.

Possibly this hope, were it fulfilled, would open a new Pandora's box. Certainly the United Nations illustrates that international organization is not a road to supernational authority, but a swamp in which national policies are submerged by international ones, which have in their favor only that more, or more powerful, or more assertive or demagogic, governments desire them. If any serious problem

Random Notes

● Statistics: Comic books are now being issued at the rate of 200 new titles a month, and monthly sales are up to 25 million.

● Movies: The Moscow Film Festival was Dialectical Materialism armpit deep. Mexico photographed her slums, Cuba her revolution, Indonesia her Dutch exploiters, Vietnam her American invaders and French vandals, India her segregation troubles, Russia her enlightened workers. China withdrew her entries in a huff. Cuban cigars for sale everywhere. And *Variety*'s man reports this exchange with a Festival official: "Do you have a credit sheet for the Indonesian film?" "Are you Indonesian?" replied the flunky. "No." "Well, are you especially interested in Indonesia?" "No, I would just like a credit sheet." "Well, if you aren't interested in Indonesia, why do you insist on getting the information?"

American entries at the Montreal Film Festival will be *The Leopard* (20th-Century Fox) and Adolf Mekas' comedy *Hallelujah the Hills* (Film Makers' Coop, Stan Brakhage's and Gregory Markopoulos' company). . . . Banned (films and phonograph records) in the United Arab Republic: Joanne Woodward and her husband Paul Newman, Danny Kaye, Elizabeth Taylor, Frank Sinatra, and Sammy Davis Jr. . . . The Musée Cinématique Française, in Paris, is showing this season the beginnings of the American film, reaching back to *Fatima's Belly Dance,* and *The Execution of Mary Queen of Scots.*

● Books: The architect and technological wizard Buckminster Fuller has just published his autobiography: *Ideas and Integrities: A Spontaneous Autobiographical Disclosure* (Prentice, $6.95). Well worth staying with to the end, though the prose is ungainly and tangled around itself. . . . Three new Edward Goreys at once! And boxed as *The Vinegar Works* ("Volumes of Moral Instruction"): *The West Wing, The Insect God,* and *The Gashlycrumb Tinies* (Simon and Schuster, $5.95). . . . Just before his death William Faulkner revised *The Hamlet, The Town,* and *The Mansion* for publication as *The Snopes Trilogy.* Out in October. (Random House, $14.95). . . . Also in October: New York Graphic Society's handsome *Tutankhamen* by the archeologist Christiane Desroches Noblecourt, color photographs by F. L. Kenett, 75 color plates and 114 black and white ($15). . . . A paperback for Lawrence fans: *T. E. Lawrence by His Friends,* edited by A. W. Lawrence, with some eighty evaluations of the hero (McGraw-Hill, $2.95). Originally published in England in 1937.

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should arise, the United Nations would split, of course, and the victors —they'd probably call themselves the United Nations—might sit in judgment over the defeated as before, if they so chose. Yet the United Nations itself cannot prevent anything serious—it has neither power nor law to restrain, say, the Soviet invasion of Hungary or the invasion of Laos. Korea, of course, was a war of UN members against each other, the United States and its allies versus Russia and its allies. (If the latter had fought under the United Nations emblem, public relations clichés would have differed—nothing else.)

Where an actually international UN army was assembled, as in the Congo, it enforced a most dubious sort of *ad hoc* law, broke all the promises originally made to the contending parties, and committed barbarities worthy of any national army, enthusiastically violating the laws and customs of war. The UN did not even try to make its soldiers account for their atrocities—in this respect being well behind most national armies. (And at the present time it seems harder to find out who gave certain orders in the Congo than to find out who ordered what in Nazi Germany.) Not a hopeful outlook. Unless there is reason to believe that the supernational authority will do more than get us from the frying pan into the fire, we will have to go slow.

WHAT ARE we to conclude? Certain people who deserved punishment by any moral rule, were punished when the interested parties could get their hands on them. Their acts were put on record for all to see, and they were allowed to explain them and to defend themselves. This was the advantage of the pseudo-legal form of the proceedings. The facts having been established, they were hanged. It was deserved punishment but not punishment according to law. On the contrary, in the process ancient and necessary principles of law were violated by legal authorities. No serviceable rule was established that would tell who might be hanged in a similar case in the future, except the suggestion that whoever is defeated, or weak, will depend on the victor's will. More is needed. But the need must not be confused with its fulfillment.

Fiction

Percussus Belli

GUY DAVENPORT

WARS ARE TO the quiet deliberations of peace as fire to rust. The intense clarity of minds in the anguish of war arises from an acceleration strangely akin to that of fiction itself, where time can be adjusted to any pace to move from event to event until the understanding of development or deterioration is a perfect illusion. It is not wholly the skill of Winifred Bryher that allows her novel set in the Second Punic War to seem more about our century than Jean Lartéguy's account of the Algerian War, whose battlefields are still smoking, or Riccardo Bacchelli's tale of a German concentration camp. For Bryher's war interrupted civilization as plague or famine shatters the goodness of things, not their very nature. War in our century is a transmutation of the world into hell itself. Hence the charmed clarity of Bryher's prose beside the gritty formlessness of Lartéguy and Bacchelli. It may be beyond the grip of imagination to make sense of—which for the artist is to give comprehensible form to—the public nightmares of the last half century.

JEAN LARTEGUY'S *The Praetorians* is not so much a sequel to his *The Centurions* as an expansion of it into a two-volume novel. In this rounding out, he defines the French paratroopers in Algeria as more than the legions whose strength is the state's; they are now, in spirit as in metaphor, the leaders of the state. Their Caesar was to have been de Gaulle. As in *The Centurions*, M. Lartéguy argues that only the Army appreciated the full tragedy of Vietnam or the extent of Communist collusion in the loss of Algeria. The one character we are shown clearly is a Major Esclavier, who, like Achilles, has resigned from the army in a fit of pique. He is properly heroic, grand, innocent, and heaped with *la gloire;* he is a veteran of the Resistance, Buchenwald, and Indochina. It follows that the Liberal papers tar him reglarly, that the government is embarrassed by him, and that his resignation demoralizes the mystical *esprit de corps* which the paratroopers embody and which, the novel takes for its thesis, is the true if lost spirit of France.

As thesis and as an outraged protest M. Lartéguy's book is eloquent; one wonders, however, why he chose to cast it as a novel. Plot and character are but embarrassed ghosts poking around the ruins of a form which we continue to call a novel, although it contains enough stuff for four pages of Dickens or a paragraph of Boccaccio. Jean Lartéguy gives himself 352 pages to clarify tediously the simple fact that the paratroopers in Algeria were fighting Communists. This is no revelation, however much we acknowledge the raw horror of his battle scenes, or the convincing frustration of his "praetorian" officers before the compromises and timidities of a government which understood them as little as they understood it. The imperishableness of a book is its final dimension; *The Praetorians*, like the adventures of Steve Canyon, grows out-of-date as we read it. Novels about yesterday take their chances.

RICCARDO BACCHELLI'S *Son of Stalin* (translated into the obligatory obscurity of current diction for titles

The Praetorians, by Jean Lartéguy. Dutton, $4.95

Seed of Steel, by Riccardo Bacchelli. Walker, $4.50

The Coin of Carthage, by Bryher. Harcourt, $4.50

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as *Seed of Steel*) is an imagined account of the end of Jakob Djugashvili, son of Catherine Svanidze and Josef Stalin. His elder brother became a hero in the war, but Jakob's career can be pieced together only from the thinnest of rumors. Here we are shown his capture by the unsuspecting Germans and his detention in an obscure prison on a Prussian moor. Once his identity is discovered, German Intelligence sets out to make hay of their prize. But Moscow is silent; officialdom doubts; and the puzzle tangles itself into teasing subtleties, for a prisoner so distinguished ("What," a horrified officer asks, "if the Russians had Hitler's son?") turns out to have only the importance of a quandary. His preferential treatment leads to a rebellion; his very presence so unnerves German punctiliousness that a shipment of mildewed rye, intended for scientific experiments at another camp, poisons them all. Stalin's son dies in the snow among the remnant of the lucky who escape. His corpse makes a statement as enigmatic and yet as plain as M. Lartéguy's pitiful scenes of grenaded paratroopers who also could give no satisfactory account of why they died, just there, and in that way.

THE PRISONER OF WAR, the smallest possible unit of war's anguish, is the authority who knows most intimately the pertinacity and meanness of his enemy. Winifred Bryher's *The Coin of Carthage* is concerned to imagine the predicament of various prisoners in a war so remote that sympathies and loyalties lie quiet while we watch Roman, Carthaginian, and Greek trapped in an upheaval which seems to be a permanent malady of man's nature. With a style flawless and precise Bryher follows the fortunes of two merchants and of two soldiers, carefully paring away from them everything but the inexplicable claims of friendship. Her imagery is particular, erudite, and plastic, but what remains in the mind is a look at humanity pressed by war and tortured by circumstance, so severely unsentimental, so scrubbed clean of all romance, that her clarity of understanding must be all but unique among novelists.

Bryher points out in her introduction that her research included "a study of modern Algeria, in so many ways like ancient Numidia." Flaubert's *Salammbô*, with which Bryher's novel seems to ask a comparison, is so prophetic a picture of the battlefields and embattled cities of Europe in the Second World War and of Korea with its international armies that it is not cynicism to wonder what wars to come Bryher is actually describing, or what disjunction of loyalties M. Lartéguy is prefiguring.

A Little Secret History

GEORGE MORGENSTERN

THE BRITISH SPIRIT recently has been sorely afflicted by the activities of a young lady named Christine, who observed in an interview with the press that her life had been to a certain degree disheveled until the realization suddenly dawned on her "that I was sitting on a gold mine." Christine demonstrated that British war ministers and Soviet naval attachés are brothers under the skin, and a great moral crisis thereby arose, with questions in Parliament.

During World War II the British secret intelligence apparatus in the United States rejoiced in the talents of a young lady known as "Cynthia" whose skills were not dissimilar to those of Christine. Her versatility on and off the pad induced the admiral serving the Italian naval attaché in Washington to turn over to her the naval cipher of his country without demur, and she accomplished the same feat with similar ease in dealing with an embassy official of Vichy France.

"Cynthia" is acclaimed a great British patriot in Mr. Hyde's chronicle of the British intelligence center in New York before and after American intervention in World War II. For all we know, she may now be a Dame of the British Empire, whereas Christine

Room 3603, The Story of the British Intelligence Center in New York during World War II, by H. Montgomery Hyde. Farrar, $4.50

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is and will always be a tramp. So much for moral crises and their evaluation among the sometimes prudish Britons.

Montgomery Hyde relates the operations and successes of the propaganda, intelligence, and counter-espionage organization directed by William (later Sir William) Stephenson from two floors of the International Building in Rockefeller Center. Stephenson's operations in the United States dated from April 1940, and continued throughout the war. He had one thousand agents within the United States and double that number operating in Canada and Latin America.

Stephenson's mission was to procure all the United States help he could for the British cause; to provide security for the loading and dispatch of armaments and supplies from United States ports, and to promote American intervention on the side of Britain against Hitler's Germany. The assignment was a pushover, for Franklin Roosevelt and countless influential Americans in and out of the Administration were panting to get into the war and needed no British prodding.

AMONG THE FEW surprises of the narrative is that J. Edgar Hoover, the director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, was one of the earliest and most avid supporters of British secret operations and objectives. The account is that he was "under a strict injunction from the State Department to refrain from collaborating with the British in any way," but agreed to cooperate with Stephenson provided no other government department knew of it. He went so far as to turn over use of the FBI radio to Stephenson so that the British agent might have secure communications with London.

It will be news to most Americans that the State Department ever pursued a policy of neutrality after 1939, but it is perhaps even more surprising that Hoover was considered by the British to be "in the war" from the beginning of his collaboration a year and eight months before Pearl Harbor.

Among other Americans, Stephenson found that Maj. Gen. "Wild Bill" Donovan and Ernest Cuneo, counsel of the Democratic National Committee, were especially serviceable in promoting United States intervention. Cuneo arranged with Roosevelt for the secret and illicit collaboration between Stephenson and Hoover, behind the back of his own State Department. Roosevelt "welcomed the idea enthusiastically" months before he campaigned for a third term on the pledge, "again and again and again," that America's sons were not to be sent into foreign wars.

Room 3603 is rich in its demonstration of similar official hypocrisies. By early spring of 1941 the United States was convoying British shipping while Washington poured out incessant denials. The British were permitted to operate their own police force on American soil and to impress Allied seamen in the way that, in a day of American pride of sovereignty, contributed to the War of 1812.

STEPHENSON'S apparatus found many willing tools. The *New York Herald Tribune* was one of its favorite funnels of propaganda. Walter Winchell printed numerous British propaganda columns submitted to him, without altering a word. American interventionist organizations were enlisted to smear Col. Lindbergh and the America First organization. Stephenson's apparatus, operating under the cover name of "British Security Coordination" (suggested by J. Edgar Hoover), fabricated letterheads, forged communications, intercepted mail, framed collaborators in German-occupied countries, and planted "our man," Donovan, in the Office of Strategic Services, the first American central intelligence agency, as its wartime chief. The success of BSC was unquestioned and complete. It accomplished its primary objective—*i.e.*, getting the United States into the war—a job rendered easy because Roose-

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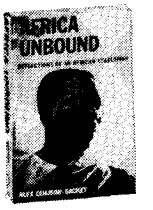

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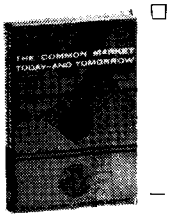

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velt and many other Americans hardly needed the help of encouragement.

STEPHENSON was an extremely able man. A Canadian, born in Manitoba, with barely a high school education, he was an inventive and commercial genius, a millionaire by thirty, a man who pioneered in low-cost radio receivers and transmission of pictures by wire. He was a progenitor of television. He acquired vast interests and a fortune which permitted him to serve Britain without remuneration and to expend almost a million dollars of his own in furtherance of its cause in war. He was a fighter pilot with a score of kills in World War I and for several years was amateur lightweight boxing champion of the world.

Despite the Profumos and Christines, Britain manages to produce such men in its hours of trial. Would that the United States were similarly fortunate.

Records

Mark Twain, Obscenity, Folk Songs

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

WHEN MARK TWAIN was doing research for *The Prince and the Pauper,* he discovered that Elizabethan speech was not all prithees and sirrahs. Though it had not yet advanced to the mincing nastiness of the Restoration period, it was much given to Saxon locutions and to words which, in our time, Henry Miller seems to think he discovered. In short, the talk in Elizabeth's court was not very different from what one would find in the Spain of Cervantes or the America of today. I mean by this that the upper and lower classes expressed themselves with a scatological and sexual frankness which then as now the middle classes find not genteel at all.

Mark Twain, like Harry S. Truman, suffered from a certain ambivalence about "dirty talk." But like our ex-President, he enjoyed it immensely. The result of his predilections and his researches was a sketch entitled *Conversation, as it was by the Social Fireside in the Time of the Tudors.* This exercise in satirical writing came to be known as "1601." In it, the Virgin Queen, Raleigh, Bacon, Ben Jonson, and the ladies of the court discuss a variety of subjects in terms which not even a Lenny Bruce is permitted to use in night club acts. It is very funny, very clever, and very dirty.

It is interesting to note that the first copy of this work went to Mark Twain's good friend, the Reverend Joseph Twitchel; that, of the four copies privately printed in 1880, one was for John Hay—later to become Secretary of State; and that the first edition of fifty copies was printed on the presses of the U. S. Military Academy under the supervision of Lieutenant Charles Erskine Scott Wood, then the adjutant at West Point, whose book *Heavenly Discourses* has become a minor classic. Since then, there have been a number of private editions of the work. Recently, it was put on public sale.

Now Richard Dyer-Bennet, the folk singer, has recorded a reading of "1601" (Dyer-Bennet Records DYB 1601). The jacket is replete with caveats to those shocked by the more explicit words of the English language, and purchasers are told that the recording is NOT FOR CHILDREN. This, let me add, is an understatement. It will disconcert many adults. For accustomed though we be to the printed four-letter word or its use in certain forms of conversation, to hear it emanating in hi-fi from a speaker is something of an experience.

But beyond these aspects of "1601"—I mean the presumably obscene—there is a good deal more. For Mark Twain's satirical thrust was exceedingly sharp, and so was his ear for the verbal idiosyncrasies of those whom he parodied. Simply as writing, it is *sui generis* a small masterpiece. I would have preferred to have the reading come from the lips of a Rex Harrison. His slightly querulous tone of voice and inflection would have been perfect. But Richard Dyer-Bennet, by neither hamming it up

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nor throwing away the good lines in an effort to be too casual, does a far more than adequate job of it.

THE REVERSE side of "1601" is devoted to a number of ballads which we have all heard at one point or another but which are seldom sung at church picnics. One of them, *The Gatherin' o' the Clan*, was reputedly sired by Robert Burns—but over the decades it has gathered to itself several hundred verses, one more outrageous than the other. (It would be an interesting project for the Ford Foundation to collect and record them all.) This was a song which had a great vogue during World War II among the troops when they were not inhibited by the presence of civilians. *There Was a Friar in Our Town* is of ancient vintage, but *The Eer-i-e Canal* is Americana, though not of the usual brand.

These songs are handled zestfully by Dyer-Bennett who foregoes the slip-the-zither-to-me-John-boy manner and really belts them out. And this is all to the good. For the most part, singers of folk music are given to an insufferable coyness. For the most part, too, they wear their anthropology on their sleeves. The real folk spirit, however, moves without self-consciousness, though it can be as sophisticated as one of García Lorca's re-creations of a Spanish romance.

Richard Dyer-Bennet is far more effective when he reaches out for humor and bawdry than in his more soulful efforts. Few folk singers, in fact, can move me deeply. Germaine Montero, though the St. Germain des Près still lurks in her phrasing, is one. Another is Cynthia Gooding whose forgotten 10-inch LP, made years ago for Elektra, is a sorrowful evocation of songs I heard from Italian prisoners very far from home. Among those who sing the longing melodies which Americans carried from Plymouth and the Tidewater, across the Appalachians and to the West, there is only one who to my mind is artist enough and simple enough to give them the proper quality. That singer is Paul Arnold, and it is typical of the recording business that a beautiful album he made for Columbia was never issued, but shunted aside while the whinings of a Pete Seeger pre-empted its place in the catalogue. I have yet to hear a more heart-rending *Shenandoah* than Paul Arnold's (I have it on my own tapes)—and if enough readers said, "That's for us," it would be worth the gamble to issue it privately.

This goes a long way—from Mark Twain's jape to American music. But it was the accents of Elizabeth's time which were grafted on the polyglot speech of the New World—and it is the patterns of speech which determine the melodies.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THEY'D RATHER BE RIGHT: YOUTH AND CONSERVATISM, by Edward Cain (Macmillan, $5.95). This book hasn't exactly got a thesis, other than that all members of the right wing should stop instantly whatever they are doing and form instead a brotherhood to implement the ideas of Peter Viereck and Clinton Rossiter—or, rather, venerate them, since no one could implement their ideas, any more than anyone could frame a swatch of ether. Mr. Cain's secondary thesis is that there is no substance to contemporary conservative thought, as witness Mr. Cain's failure to find any there, the conclusive demonstration. But mostly it is one more book about the dramatis personae of the American Right (how many such have appeared in the past year? Five? Ten?), worse written than most, better researched than most, and with this irritating difference, that Prof. Cain, unlike the journalists who have written most of the other books, twiddles his gold tassel all over the place, and proceeds to talk patronizingly about men who are manifestly his superiors in learning, style, understanding, and experience (I am referring to certified, Ph.D. scholars). Prof. Cain apparently considered a career in mathematics, and notes that his "delightful statistics professor" at Boston University must have rejoiced in his decision to specialize in another field. Mr. Cain chose Government (Ph.D., Columbia), and we are invited to assume that what was mathematics' loss is Government's gain, the fallacy of the contrapositive into whose seductive embrace this delightful reader declines to succumb. I don't know what career I'd have urged on Mr. Cain, though manifestly his

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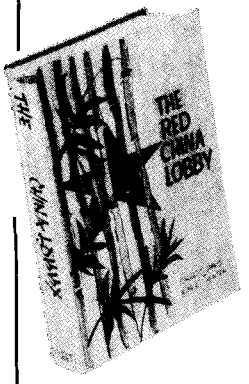

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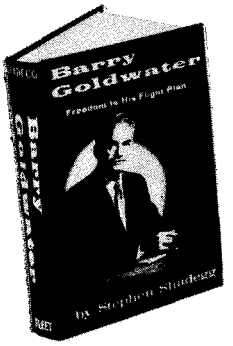

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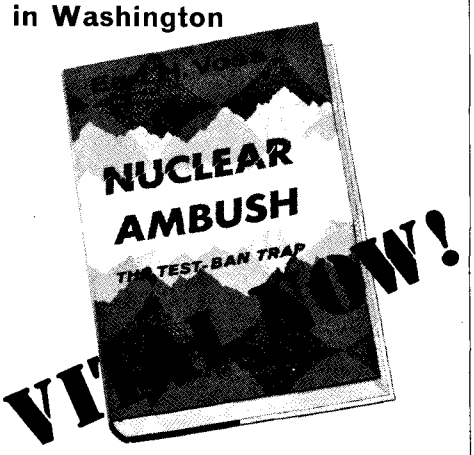

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strongest flair, to judge from this book, is for Ignorance, in which discipline they are not yet offering any explicit courses in our colleges and universities, but for a degree in which Mr. Cain's book on the American Right would surely be required reading.

W. F. BUCKLEY JR.

THE STORIES OF WILLIAM SANSOM (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $6). The short story and the movie make similar demands upon their creators and turn some of the same tricks to powerful effect. Both rely on foreshortening and an immediate bid for audience attention; both delight in the quick stringing together of sharp visual images and the sudden shift to surrounding landscape. Now and again, in the course of the 33 stories in this book, Mr. Sansom indicates that he likes to work with these similarities, using film techniques to reinforce plot lines that lean heavily on violent action and the stinging of the senses. He turns, like the movie camera, with superficial ease, from a shabby London boardinghouse to a crowded French resort town, from a comedy about three Italian dogs to a melodrama about an East End strangler, from Hitchcock to Disney. Mastery of this game involves keeping the audience alert to the story and oblivious of the trick. Sansom is not a master, and his sleight of hand rarely comes off. First, because he works his tricks with all the deftness of a mangle, then, because he surrounds them with a noxious gas of verbiage. The reader is progressively beset by disappointment, boredom, drowsiness. R. BEMIS

A STATISTICAL HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN PRESIDENTIAL ELECTIONS, by Svend Petersen (Ungar, $9.50). If a book of statistics can be exciting, this is it—at least for anyone interested either in politics or in American history. As far as I know, it is unique in its field, and for the area it covers it has just about everything — including fascinating analyses of a number of important elections where the shift of a few thousand votes in a few states could have reversed the results. For serious historical study, armchair political strategy, or the satisfaction of plain curiosity, an ideal compendium. F. S. MEYER

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To the Editor

Rule or Ruin?

M. Stanton Evans' fine article on the YR Convention at San Francisco [August 13] made it sound very similar to the College Midwest Federation YR Convention in 1962. There the struggle was between the overwhelming YAF forces and the "Republican firsters" of which my delegation from Oberlin College was a member. There was no Goldwater *vs.* Rockefeller contest, but the issue was whether to go gung-ho over conservative candidates or pitch in and work for any Republican regardless of his wing of the party. I came away quite disgusted by the fact that my party was headed by "conservative or else" leaders who would not back Liberal or even moderate candidates (the college YR's never got around to endorsing Nixon in 1960). Although I am a staunch conservative, I firmly believe that the party's leaders must be firmly committed to all Republican candidates. I caution our new conservative leaders not to alienate many of their best workers who believe that the best way to advance conservatism is through a strong and united Republican Party.

Sewickley, Pa. THOMAS E. SADD

Tender Loving Caldwell

I yield to no one in my passion for and insistence on privacy, especially in moments of personal stress, physical or emotional. And no one deplores more ardently than I do the phoniness of synthetic philanthropy. But Taylor Caldwell [Aug. 13] is pushing her luck.

In the first place, I don't for a moment believe that there is a hospital in America that would give anyone, much less so obnoxious a patient, all that tender loving care, synthetic or real. Secondly, I don't believe so sour a person as she makes herself out to be would recognize genuine tenderness or love or care if she got it. Thirdly, for her ingratitude she should (if you'll excuse the aggression) drop dead.

Ithaca, N.Y. CORINNA MARSH

All right, the very next time Taylor Caldwell falls on her face in the aisle, I will not only let her pick herself up —I shall place my foot in the small of her back and stride across her prostrate form. To object to pawing and cosseting is fine, but to scorn the elementary courtesy which most civilized men show in helping a lady to her feet is certainly to betray an unnatural sensitivity!

Minneapolis, Minn. WILLIAM BEFORT

Unconstitutional Prayers

I had always thought that those who oppose the prevalent statist philosophy are advocates of individualism. From Will Herberg's columns [July 30 and Aug. 13] it is obvious that I am far from the truth. It is disillusioning to see that religious conservatives would replace the anti-individualistic mentalities that now stand behind the throne in Washington with an equally—or even more—restrictive ruling monolith.

Mr. Herberg is certainly at liberty (and hopefully will always be so) to recognize "a higher majesty beyond himself." However, when he attempts to force his beliefs on anyone else, he is being inconsistent in his defense of individualism. Or could it be that he really does not believe in individualism at all? Instead of logic to support his *opinion* (which at no time is identified as just that——his personal opinion), he has nothing better to offer than appeals to faith, revelation, and the supernatural.

The overriding and single most important principle ever laid down by the Founding Fathers was that the individual must be entirely free to pursue his life without interference. I hope Mr. Herberg and your other writers will come to see that religion is a matter of personal belief and therefore not a thing on which a government of objective laws can be based.

Amherst, Mass. DONALD SCOTT

Reader Luther Smith [Aug. 13] rejoices at our divorcement from Communism's ways via that Court. Let the Rev. gentleman take comfort in these words: "The school was separated from the church and the teaching of religious beliefs in schools was forbidden. Citizens could, if they wished, teach and be taught religion privately. By the time of the adoption of the —— Constitution, the separation of the church from the state, and of the school from the church, was already an accomplished fact. The — Constitution confirmed this guaranteed freedom of conscience: 'in behalf of the —, the church is separated from the state and the school from the church; but freedom of religious and anti-religious propaganda is conceded in behalf of all citizens.'"

Is this the Supreme Court of the United States speaking? No; it is our old friend Andrei Y. Vyshinsky in his book *The Law of the Soviet State*, page 608. The words omitted are: first, Soviet, 1918, and toilers. Nothing sinister—just for fun.

Congratulations on Brent Bozell's scholarly exposé [July 16] of the legal hocus-pocus and semantic ter-

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giversations which have been foisted on the nation.

Newport Beach, Calif. THOMAS RUTTER

Correction

In your issue of July 2, writing about Australia, you published the following statement about me: "Professor Frank Knopfelmacher, active in the labor and social democratic movement, but strongly anti-Communist, publicized the facts of Soviet anti-Semitism, and proposed a United Nations inquiry." This statement is grossly inaccurate and misleading. Allow me to state the following:

1) Facts concerning Soviet anti-Semitism are being officially publicized, from time to time, in official statements by Jewish communal bodies and by the Jewish press in Australia. I am not even on the Executive of any such bodies, though I am a rank-and-file member of the Victorian Jewish Board of Deputies. Late last year the Sydney *Bulletin* published a full exposure of Soviet anti-Semitism, written by Mr. I. Leibler, the then Chairman of the Public Relations Committee of the Victorian Jewish Board of Deputies. Speeches were made in both Australian Houses of Parliament on the matter, members of the Liberal (Menzies) Party taking a particularly friendly attitude towards the plight of Soviet Jewry. The upshot of all this was Australia's official intervention in the UN alongside other bodies and organizations. Like other Jews with some knowledge of Soviet affairs, I did indeed help—conducting research and participating by speeches in various places and in discussions. The UN enquiry was proposed unanimously by the executive organs of Australian Jewry of which I am not even a member, much less a spokesman. It is true that in some official publications of the Australian Labour Party my name was bandied about as "instigator" of the campaign, but then the authors of these publications put their trust in information provided by their friends and associates in the Australian Communist Party, an imprudent thing to do in the best of times.

2) I am not a professor but a university lecturer. The extension of the American-French usage of the word professor to people at British universities is a constant source of embarrassment to many and gives the misleading impression of cheap ex-

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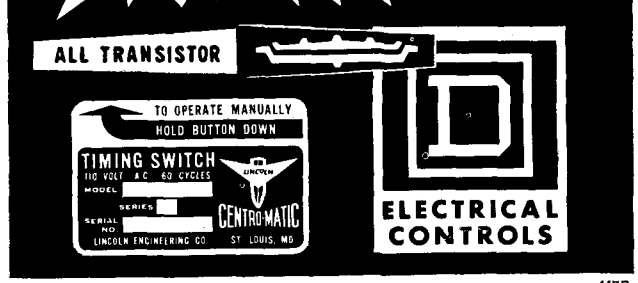

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hibitionism on the part of the person to whom it is inappropriately applied.

FRANK KNOPFELMACHER

Melbourne, Australia

Our Australian reader, who gave us the story, was evidently misinformed.

—ED.

MRA Si

Francis Russell's review of Peter Howard's play *Music at Midnight* [June 4] hits a new low for *NR*.

Mr. Russell's opening sentences make clear that he writes on this subject with as open and unprejudiced a mind as Paul Blanshard reporting on a papal audience, or a TASS correspondent on a Goldwater rally! One is not surprised, therefore, that he fails to treat seriously either the play or what Moscow, in a recent lengthy attack on Moral Re-Armament, evaluates as "certainly the most prominent association which aims to save Western civilization from Communism."

What can democracy offer to the totalitarian countries and the suppressed forces of freedom in them? A burning question, one must admit, for a play to tackle so realistically that, after seeing it in London, scores of survivors of the 1956 Hungarian uprising agreed, "This is the answer."

Bonn, Germany, G. A. VONDERMUHLL, JR.

Erratum

An article has been called to my attention contained in *NR* [June 18] that I had attended the $100-a-plate dinner to promote *Advance*.

The reporter went out of his way to say that I was attending this, carrying water on both shoulders, as a conservative at a liberal meeting to promote a liberal magazine; and the reason behind it was that my son was politically ambitious, etc.

I have never made an effort to hide my political views, which are middle of the road Republican as best exemplified by former Senator Robert A. Taft. I assume my son has a right to have his own political opinions.

The fact is, I knew nothing about the dinner, was not present, and do not understand why your reporter made such a statement.

New York City HAMILTON FISH

NATIONAL REVIEW *regrets having erroneously reported former Congressman Fish as present at the* Advance *dinner.* —ED.

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CLEAR GROUND RULES HELP GOOD NEIGHBORS STAY THAT WAY

For many years the investor-owned light and power companies and the rural electric cooperatives have been, on the whole, good neighbors. They have worked together to bring electricity to rural America. About two-thirds of this electricity is produced by investor-owned companies who either supply rural customers directly, or supply the co-ops.

The REA

The two systems are, of course, different. One, as its name implies, is financed by investors. The other is financed by loans from an agency of the Federal Government, The Rural Electrification Administration (REA). REA loans are made at the low interest rate of 2%. Co-ops financed by The REA pay no Federal income taxes. The rural electric program was started during the Depression, in 1936, to help get electricity to farms more quickly.

But notwithstanding the fact that electricity now flows throughout our farmlands, requests for treasury appropriations to The REA continue to get bigger and bigger. In 1952, appropriations amounted to $175 million. The last budget called for $425 million for loan authorizations, with the greater part requested for building generating plants and high-voltage lines.

This leads to a big question: does the nature and continued expansion of this program indicate, over and beyond necessary co-op improvements, a significant move toward federalizing the nation's power by making use of the farm economy?

That is the general issue. And against it, writers, editors, legislators, farm leaders and others are asking some pointed questions.

The Questions

Some ask if The REA in Washington is encouraging co-ops to build power plants that are not needed. Others ask if these loans are being made to some co-ops to develop a Federal power system not authorized by Congress. People both in and out of Congress are asking whether it is proper for a Federal Government bureau to loan your money under such circumstances.

Also: are REA loans being used to finance expanded service to urban or industrial customers in contradiction to the original purpose of the rural co-op? Are they being used unnecessarily to finance equipment for business and industrial ventures locating on REA-financed co-op lines? Is it proper for The REA in Washington to lend public funds while keeping the economic basis for making the loans a secret?

Ground Rules Helpful

We in the electric light and power business are interested in these questions, too. We have good reasons for wanting them answered. We've worked with rural electric co-ops for many years, and we think that clearly understood ground rules would help both the co-ops and ourselves. We believe that such "clear ground rules" will help us to continue to work with our good neighbors to go on meeting the nation's power needs, wherever the power is needed.

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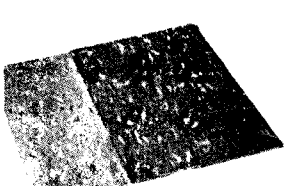

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